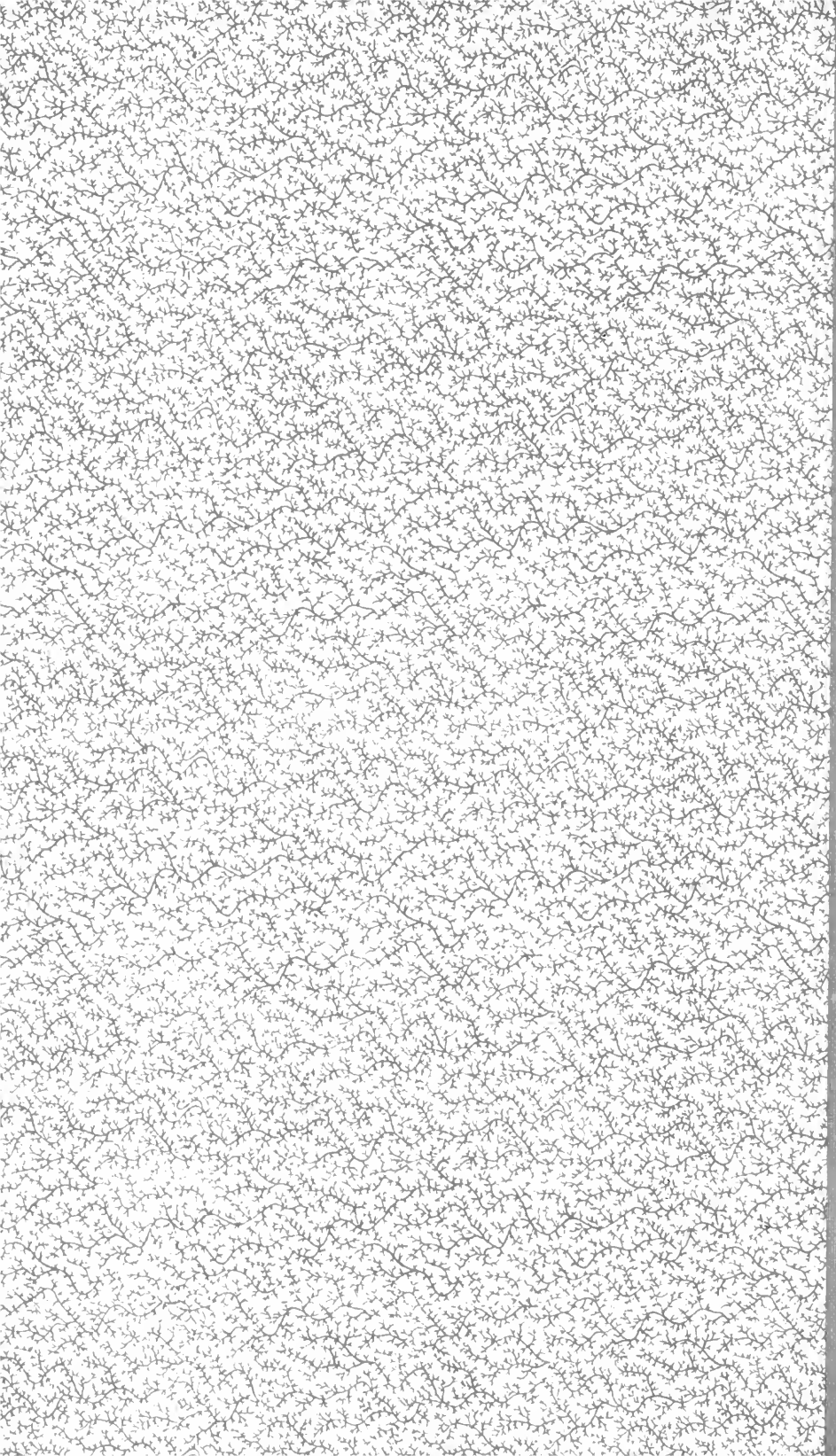
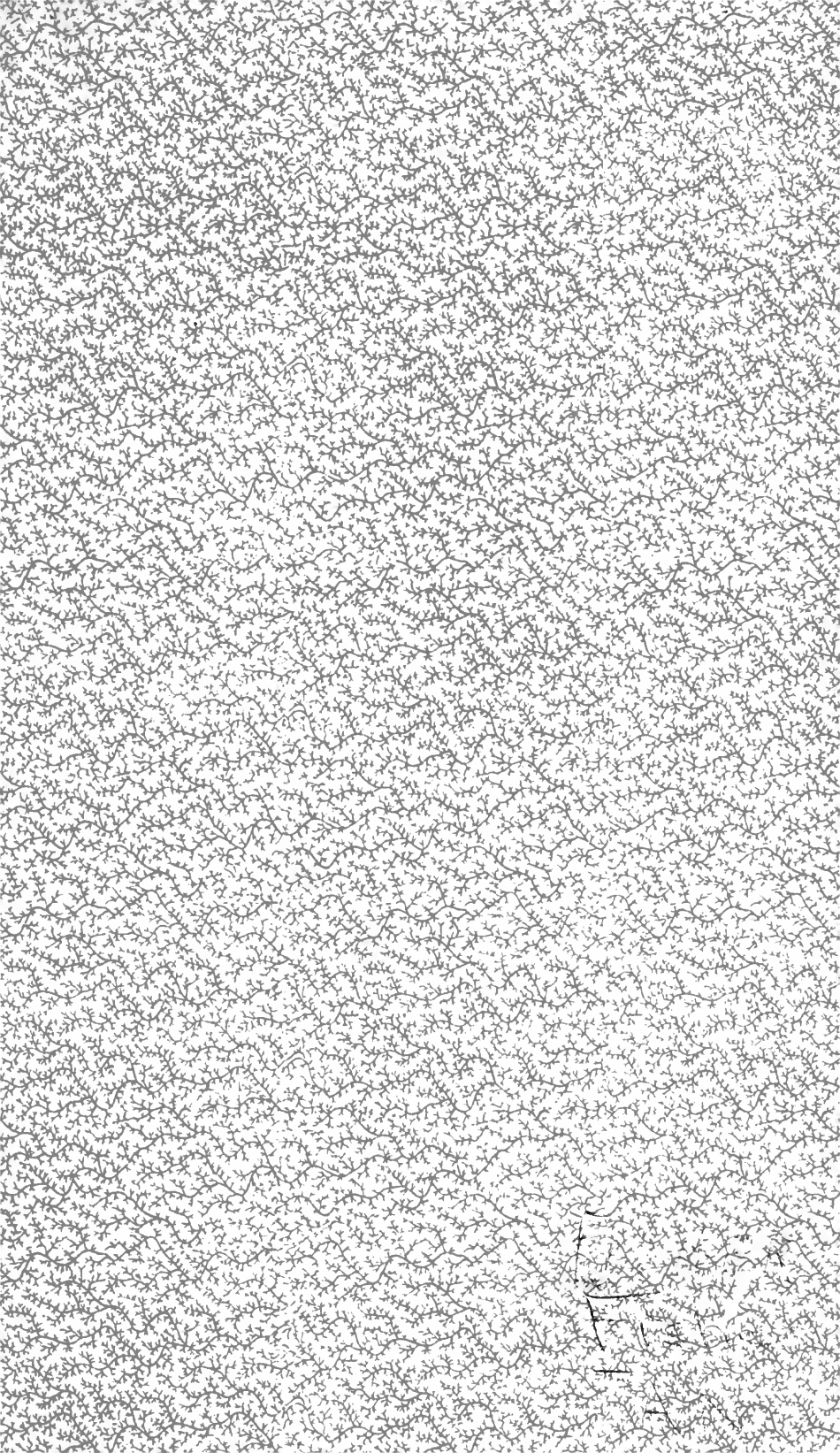


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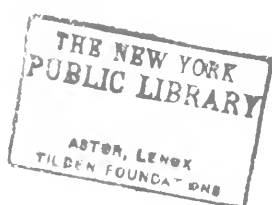


Fisher, S.

AN.









*Wm. J. Fisher*

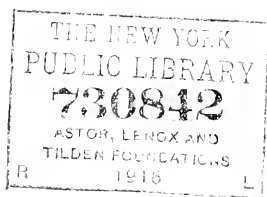
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In Memoriam

SAMUEL S. FISHER

CINCINNATI  
ROBERT CLARKE & CO., PRINT

1874



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TO  
A BEREAVED WIFE AND MOTHER,

AND HER FATHERLESS LITTLE ONES.

THIS MEMORIAL

TO A GREAT MAN, A CHRISTIAN GENTLEMAN, AND A DEVOTED HUSBAND  
AND FATHER, AND TO A GIFTED AND LOVING SON AND BROTHER,

IS TENDERLY DEDICATED.



## Memoir.

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IN the year 1831, a young man, who had lately graduated from the School of Physicians and Surgeons, in New York City, left the East to seek a place of settlement in the then Far West. Journeying through Southern Michigan, he at length fixed upon a region lying in the county of St. Joseph, near where now stands the pretty village of Centerville. Sending for his young wife, she soon joined him, and, in a rough frontier home, the young couple, inexperienced and tenderly reared, began the battle of life together.

The young man was James C. Fisher, son of the Rev. Samuel Fisher, D.D., a prominent clergyman of the Presbyterian denomination, then settled over a church at Paterson, N. J. His mother was Alice Cogswell, belonging to a well-known Connecticut family. Eliza Sparks, his wife, was the daughter of Samuel Sparks, a shipping merchant of Philadelphia, who served with credit in the war of 1812, attaining the rank of major.

Their life in Michigan was destined to be a brief one. The young physician found his labors among the widely scattered population very arduous, calling him from his home much of the time; while his wife, al-

though she kept a brave face for him, suffered terribly from the unaccustomed trials and privations which beset her. At this time, too, the Black Hawk war was raging, and the horrors of that struggle invested the savages who surrounded their home with fresh terrors. In the midst of these trials, on the 11th of April, 1832, was born to them SAMUEL SPARKS, namesake of both his grandfathers. But though the little stranger brought joy to their hearts, as a gift from heaven, their trials increased. Father and mother and the infant son were seized with the chills, and at last, after vainly struggling through the summer, they were compelled to seek aid and refuge in Detroit. Here, the Doctor and child recovered, but the mother failing to mend, it was thought best to return to the East, and they were soon once more enjoying the comforts of their old home.

### *His Early Life.*

Several of the child's earlier years were spent in the City of New York, where his father for some time filled the chair of Professor of Chemistry in the University of New York. Many are the anecdotes told of him during this period, which serve to illustrate the character which unfolded in his manhood. One or two of these we can not refrain from recalling.

When he was about twenty months old, a lady visited his father's house with a little girl for whom she was soliciting charity. The day was cold, and the



child's bare feet were red and blistered. No sooner had the boy's eyes rested on her poor feet, than he removed his own shoes and stockings, and, with an air of profound sympathy, offered them to the little sufferer.

A little more than a year later, while he was still less than four years of age, he was trotting by his mother's side to church, one Sunday morning, when they passed a group of boys playing marbles on the sidewalk. His mother felt his hand slip from hers, and, turning, she saw him standing before the Sabbath-breakers, and reciting, with deep earnestness and solemnity, the couplet—

"You must not work, you must not play,  
Because it is the Sabbath day."

One day, while he was yet little more than an infant, his mother sent him to the grocer's on an errand. While waiting to be served, he took from a barrel that stood temptingly open a lump of sugar, and ate it, all unconscious of wrong. The tradesman, thinking it a good opportunity to teach a lesson in honesty, gravely asked, if all his customers should take a lump apiece, what would become of his sugar. The conscience-stricken boy, without a word of reply, took to his heels and sped home to his mother, telling her in breathless haste what had occurred, and that he wanted a penny. This obtained, back he flew and deposited it plump on the counter, in the face of the astonished grocer, who had not expected such a prompt harvest

from the seed he had planted. It is needless to say to those who knew him, that scrupulous honesty and a keen appreciation of the rights of others were among the ruling principles of his life.

He was, from his youth, in theory and practice, a firm supporter of total abstinence, and his consistency may be illustrated by an incident which occurred as he was approaching manhood. He was a guest at an evening party, and was invited by the hostess to take a glass of wine. He declined; and when she insisted, he replied that he had signed the pledge. As she still insisted, he quietly but firmly, and somewhat bluntly, answered: "I told you that I had signed the pledge; you either do not believe me, or you want me to break my word." Later in life, and but a few weeks before he passed from earth, when called upon to address a large concourse of his fellow-citizens, gathered to discuss various public measures, he introduced the subject of temperance. The question how best to regulate or prohibit the sale of intoxicating liquors was just then shaking Ohio to its center, and many minds were wavering between right and expediency. On this occasion—the last, we believe, on which he appeared before a public audience—he placed himself squarely on the record, and sounded the key-note of radical reform, in tones which stirred his hearers like a voice from the mount.

But to return to his boyhood. He early developed a taste and aptitude for chemical knowledge and experiments, as well as extraordinary mechanical skill. His father's laboratory, in New York, afforded him an

opportunity to exercise the former, and, among other exploits, he produced an exhibition of fire-works of his own manufacture, which was quite creditable. His mechanical genius displayed itself in a propensity to take to pieces mechanical contrivances, to learn the manner of their construction and operation; and many ingenious toys suffered at his hands. In his various acts of destruction, he never seemed to be prompted by the spirit of mischief, but solely, to use his own language, "to know how the thing worked."

His progress in book-learning was very rapid from the first. He was able to read in an easy primer before he was two years old; and, when four years of age, he read the Bible fluently. When seven years old, his father removed to Virginia, where he assumed the superintendency of a gold mine; and here the inquiring mind of the child found ample scope for its restless curiosity. The next year, the family returned to New York, where Dr. Fisher was for some time associated with Prof. Morse in his electro-magnetic experiments. Here, again, fortune smiled on the youth. He was fascinated with the new agent; and, day after day, he toiled to the laboratory, at the top of a lofty building, and there applied himself with such enthusiasm that, with the aid of his quick perceptive faculties, he actually gained a practical knowledge of the workings of the new invention which he never forgot. His thirst for knowledge found ample encouragement in his father, whose mind was richly stored with learning, gathered from the fields of science and literature, and who took great

pleasure in leading his bright and inquisitive first-born through the fields where he himself had reaped.

In 1841, when the lad had attained the age of nine years, he was sent to live with his grandparents, who had removed to Bloomfield, N. J., where he was sent to school. The regimen here was very different from that to which he had thus far been accustomed. His grandmother was one of those good old ladies who believed that a boy was never in mischief, except when he had nothing else to do; and so SAM, when out of school, was kept busy at solid reading, like Rollins' *Ancient History*, the whole of which, together with Mavor's "*Voyages*" and "*Tourist*," two books of travel containing twelve volumes, he read through aloud to the venerable lady. Occasionally, that he might not be overburdened with this strong meat, she allowed him to amuse himself with hemming towels, and the like, a recreation against which he stoutly but vainly rebelled.

His cousin, James B. Fisher, now a clergyman settled at Scranton, Pa., was here his school-fellow and play-mate. They were often employed in their leisure hours in picking silk, for which the grandmother rewarded them with a penny a thimbleful. But the thimbles were so voracious that they were scarcely able to fill the mouth of one each in a week; and as they were expected to contribute at least a penny each Sunday from their own earnings for missionary enterprises, the silk-picking was not considered a financial success.

Still, if they did not amass wealth, it may be that to this kind of labor Mr. FISHER owed much of that

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deftness of touch and skill of manipulation which were so valuable to him in after years, making his fingers ever the nimble and faithful servants of his brain.

Notwithstanding the vigorous discipline and the remarkable development of his mental powers, he never became too demure, too wise, or too old for his years. He was a merry, roguish child, entering into all childish sports with a lively zest, and was known among the little girls of his acquaintance, and especially his sisters, as "an awful tease." But fertile as his brain was in practical jokes, they were never such as to cause pain to the luckless victim, who joined as heartily as any in the laughter provoked. He early developed strong dramatic talent, and play after play was enacted in the nursery, in which he was playwright, costumer, scenic artist, and stage-manager, bearing also his part in the impersonations. This talent was not neglected in after life, and the private theatricals at his home afforded much enjoyment to his friends, who often jestingly said to him that he had mistaken his profession. He had a strong will, which manifested itself in the way that strong wills usually do in small boys; but there was not a grain of meanness, or selfishness, or malice in his nature. In school, he was ever ready to help those less quick than himself; and, in the playground, he never failed to call his playmates to share in the new sports which his ever active brain devised.

When about ten years old, he was sent to the preparatory school at West Point, not with a view to giving him a military education, but to receive the disci-

pline which it was thought would be of advantage to him. During his vacation, he frequently resorted to the printing-offices, where he gradually collected a little font of old type, from which he afterward printed a paper, all the work being done with his own hands. He remained at West Point for about a year, when he rejoined the family, which had removed to Philadelphia. Here, he entered the grammar-school, but, growing restive under the restraints of school life, he begged permission to enter a store. Thinking that the experience might be of use to him, his parents consented, and then began a series of trials which lasted about two years, and which he often afterward described as the most disagreeable of his whole life. In dry-goods, book, and shipping stores, he endured the discipline, drudgery, and discomforts of the life of a shop-boy, finding in the bookstore alone an occasional opportunity for enjoyment. The lesson was not lost upon him, for, on his return home, he at once and gladly re-entered the grammar-school.

### *His School Life.*

At the age of fifteen, he entered the High School, at the head of his class, a position which he maintained throughout the course with one exception, which was not to his discredit. His proficiency in his studies was such, and he was so far in advance of his own class, that, for the first time in the history of the school, an ex-

ception was made in the regular course, and he was promoted to the next class, six months ahead of the one in which he entered. In his new class he took of course his station at the foot. His teachers availed themselves of the opportunity to spur their other pupils to new diligence, warning them to look out for him and keep him at the foot. But into this contest he entered with such zeal and success, that at the first examination he passed triumphantly before all his competitors to the head. During his course in the High School, his powers as a debater were developed, and he won much reputation in this field. He also exhibited great talent for drawing, which was afterward of much value to him in his profession, enabling him often, by the use of a black-board, to present many points in his cases to a jury with a clearness not otherwise to be attained.

During his school life, too, notwithstanding his close application to his studies, he found time to write numerous sketches and serials, which he produced with the facility of a practiced novelist. He also, with boyish confidence, wooed the Tuneful Nine, and poem after poem flowed from his prolific pen. We have seen him in maturer years looking over a scrap-book containing some of these youthful effusions, and laughing until the tears ran down his cheeks. "Is it possible," he would say, "that I ever wrote such stuff?" And yet the less critical public of the time approved his efforts, some of the longer serials appearing in reputable journals, and selections from the sketches and poems finding honorable place in the keepsake books of that day.

He was a great admirer of the "Lays of Ancient Rome," and perhaps his best poetical effort was "Leonidas," written in imitation of the verse of Macaulay. The beauty of the thought and the rhythmic flow of the verse were not unworthy of the high example.

As an evidence of his presence of mind as well as his general knowledge, another incident of his school days may be related. Passing along the street one day, he came upon a crowd gathered around the form of a boy whose leg had been crushed under a train of cars. The wound was bleeding profusely, and the current of life fast ebbing away, while the throng of men, women, and children looked on, appalled, in pitiful helplessness. Dashing through their ranks, it was the work of an instant to wind his handkerchief around the limb above the wound, knot and twist it, and thus arrest the flow of blood until the arrival of a surgeon. This prompt and intelligent action probably saved the boy's life.

Still another incident occurred at about the same time, which showed that the young man, although as tender-hearted as a girl on ordinary occasions, was as brave and self-possessed as a veteran under circumstances of imminent peril. Firemen's riots were not uncommon in Philadelphia in those days, and the contagion often spread to the younger classes of roughs. One day young FISHER and his cousin James encountered one of these juvenile riots. They were at once assaulted and a terrible blow was aimed at his head with a club, which he afterward said he thought would have



killed him if it had not been warded off by his prompt and active cousin. Both now assuming the offensive, SAM felled his assailant to the earth, while James, attacking one armed with a pistol, wrested it from his grasp and brandished it with such a determined air that the whole mob fled in dismay except the owner of the pistol and the prostrate foe. These were detained by the young heroes, who marched them to the station, whence they were removed to prison and served a sentence of several months.

During his residence in Philadelphia young FISHER freely indulged in his passion for boating, for which the Schuylkill afforded such rare opportunities, and he soon became a skillful and fearless oarsman. This passion never abated, and was always gratified whenever opportunity offered.

On the 13th of February, 1851, at the age of nineteen years, he graduated from the High School, delivering, by virtue of his position at the head of his class, the Honorary Address. Just before his graduation, two young men were selected as the most proficient pupils in the phonographic class, to report an important law case involving the question of the constitutionality of the Fugitive Slave Law, in which Francis Wharton, an eminent lawyer of Philadelphia, was engaged. These two young men were SAMUEL S. FISHER and Samuel Dalrymple. So well pleased was Mr. Wharton with their reports that he gave them both an opportunity to study law in his office. Mr. Dalrymple afterward abandoned his chosen profession, studied for the ministry,

and died not long ago, an Episcopal clergyman. Shortly after his graduation, Mr. FISHER was appointed Assistant Professor in the High School, where he remained for about a year, when he assumed the charge of a private school, in which he passed two very pleasant years. During all this time he continued the study of the law in the office of Mr. Wharton.

During several years of his school life he had an almost inseparable companion and friend in his cousin, James B. Fisher, whom we have already mentioned. The attachment which each felt for the other was continued until they grew to manhood, and was more deep and intimate than usually subsists between brother and brother. It was while on a visit to this cousin at Albany, when about sixteen years old, that Mr. FISHER met for the first time Miss Aurelia Crossette, a grandchild of his grand-uncle. The fact that their grandfathers were brothers gave such a cousinly aspect to the acquaintance, and such freedom from restraint, that an intimate and charming friendship soon sprang up between them, which was kept alive through the mediumship of correspondence, although they did not see each other again for several years. When at last they met again, it was at the house of an aunt in Orange, N. J., where both were visiting. Thrown thus again together, they soon found that their friendship had ripened into love, and before they parted they were pledged to each other in the bonds of betrothal.

In 1854, Mr. FISHER went to Cincinnati, where he continued the study of the law in the office of Taft,

Keys & Perry, until his admission to the bar. Shortly after this event, he made public confession of the faith which he had so long cherished and practiced, uniting with the Second Presbyterian Church of Cincinnati, of which his uncle, the Rev. Dr. Samuel W. Fisher, was then pastor. At the expiration of about two years, he returned to the East to claim his bride, and they were married on the 2d of October, 1856, in the beautiful home in Morris county, N. J., formerly occupied by Gov. Dickerson of that State, but at that time by the father of the bride. It was a glorious autumn day, resplendent with sunshine and color, fitting season for a union which promised to be such a sunny and golden one. The ceremony was performed by the bride's father, the Rev. Robert Crossette, and, with the hearty congratulations and fervent good wishes of their host of friends, the happy pair departed for their home by the "Beautiful River."

### *His Professional Life.*

Mr. FISHER was now fully embarked on the voyage of life, and applied himself to the practice of his profession with the same absorbing zeal and unflagging industry which had characterized him in his younger days. He almost immediately turned his whole attention to the practice of patent law, for which he possessed rare qualifications, and his offices were soon thronged with clients, while many manufacturing and other corporations secured his services in defense of

their respective interests. His thorough knowledge of chemistry and peculiar aptitude for mechanics enabled him to grasp almost intuitively, and to comprehend fully, the principle of any invention to which his attention was called. We have often seen inventors stare in amazement at his rapid comprehension of a complicated mechanism, he frequently pointing out to them features in their inventions of which they themselves had had no knowledge. His memory was wonderfully retentive, and it seemed that every fact, doctrine, or principle that once found entrance there was not only permanently fixed, but ready to respond to his call at any moment. As a lawyer, he was learned and acute; as a counselor, he was fearless and conscientious, giving his client his truthful opinion, whether favorable or adverse; as an antagonist, he was wary, but always courteous and honorable, and as an advocate, he had few equals at the bar; while his thorough familiarity with every detail of law and fact in his cases, the clear and confident manner in which they were presented, the facility with which the most intricate questions were unfolded, and the profuseness and aptness of the illustrations with which his arguments were enriched, gave him a wide and commanding reputation. Justice Blatchford, of New York, indeed, once remarked in open court that Mr. FISHER was "the best patent lawyer in the United States."

### *His Military Service.*

When the civil war broke out, he was strongly tempted to offer his services in the defense of his country, but was prevented by circumstances which could not be surmounted. When, at last, Ohio was invaded, and the Queen City was marked for a prey by a bold and desperate rebel army, he formed one of the gallant many who flew to arms in defense of their homes, and the military training which he had received at West Point now stood him in good stead. His martial spirit being thus stirred, when the urgent call came for the hundred-day men, to aid in bringing the war to a speedy close, he hesitated no longer; and, upon declaring his intention to enter the service, he was appointed to the Colonelcy of the 138th Regiment of Ohio National Guards. This regiment was formed by the consolidation of the 8th Regiment and the 98th Battalion of these Guards; was called into service on the 2d day of May, 1864, and was mustered into the United States service on the 14th of May, at Camp Dennison. It was immediately ordered to Washington, and left on Sunday, May 15th, by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. On the following Wednesday, their progress was stayed near Martinsburg, by the news that the road and bridge at Harper's Ferry were impassable, and the regiment, in company with the 132d, 142d, and 170th regiments, was halted to await their repair. Col.

FISHER was here placed in command of the brigade, being thus intrusted with an important command in the very infancy of his active service. While here, news came of the defeat of Gen. Sigel, and his retreat down the Shenandoah Valley, and the brigade was at once put in readiness for active work. On Saturday, however, the obstructions having been removed, they proceeded to Washington, where they arrived on Sunday, May 22d. The regiment was at first employed on the defenses south of the Potomac, at Forts Craig, Albany, and Tillinghast. As there was a general desire among them for more active service, and a call having been made for two of the hundred-day regiments, the 138th was ordered to White House Landing, to be forwarded to the Army of the Potomac, and on June 16th they embarked for Bermuda Hundred, to report to Maj.-Gen. Butler, going by way of Fortress Monroe and the James river to Fort Powhatan, where their progress was stopped by the pontoon bridge by which the Army of the Potomac was just beginning the passage of the James. From this point they marched to Bermuda Hundred, arriving at Fort Spring Hill, opposite Point of Rocks, on Sunday again, June 19th. Here, the regiment was attached to the 2d Brigade, 3d Division, 10th Corps, Army of the James, being the only Ohio regiment in that army on the Petersburg side of the river. After about a month of active service here, the regiment was ordered to Cherry-stone Inlet, on the eastern shore of Virginia. Col. FISHER's ability as a commander having already been recognized

by his superiors, he was directed to assume command of all the forces on the shore, consisting of his own regiment, two companies of cavalry, one company of loyal Virginians, and a section of artillery. His duties here were difficult and responsible, requiring much skill in the disposition and management of the troops, and sleepless vigilance, as they were required to guard the telegraph line from Cherry-stone to Wilmington, to repel raids from the opposite side of the bay, and to intercept blockade-runners and rebel mail-carriers. In this service, they remained until the expiration of their term of enlistment, when they returned with more experience of active military life than many troops that served a much longer term. They were mustered out of the service at Camp Dennison, on the first day of September, having been in the service just four months.

### *As Commissioner of Patents.*

Upon his return home, he resumed his business almost where he left it, and it rapidly increased upon his hands. He had now reached an enviable and conspicuous position in his profession, when he was invited by Gov. J. D. Cox, President Grant's first Secretary of the Interior, to accept the position of Commissioner of Patents. At first he hesitated. The salary was inadequate for the support of himself and family in Washington, and of course his business must suffer from even a temporary retirement. But at length,

moved by a sense of duty to the great interests which required his services in an official capacity, he accepted the position, and entered at once on the work of reorganization and reform so sadly needed in the department. An ardent advocate of reform in the civil service, he strove to conduct his department in accordance with its principles, recognizing genuine merit and efficiency as the only recommendations to service. But this he found no easy task. Men high in position had "friends" who had contributed to their political advancement, and the debt of gratitude must be repaid with "place," and powerful were the influences brought to bear to secure the promised rewards. A single incident will suffice to show the difficulties and embarrassments under which the civil service reformers labored. A German, armed with letters from Congressmen and others high in place, applied for an appointment, and was sent before the inexorable Board for the usual examination. On the return of his paper, a few of the questions were answered, right or wrong, but opposite the most of them was inscribed the legend, "I verkahdit." The puzzled Examiners gazed at the writing for some time in vain, until one, more skilled in hieroglyphic lore than the rest, suggested that it was intended for "I forgot it." And yet, when such men were denied positions, great was the indignation in high places, and loud were the threats against those who would not reward the faithful servants of the party.

Sustained, however, by Secretary Cox, Col. FISHER was enabled greatly to reduce the force of incompetents



and supernumeraries, and to inspire the employes with zeal, in the belief that faithful and efficient service would not be unappreciated or unrewarded. To the reorganization of the service and the systemizing of the work, he also applied himself with such vigor, that order was soon brought out of chaos, dishonesty hid its head, and the work of the department went on with a regularity, economy, and efficiency long unknown.

He also addressed himself to the work of procuring long-needed legislation, and through his zeal and earnestness many important bills essential to the success and usefulness of his bureau, were passed by Congress.

Gov. Cox said, in a letter written since Col. FISHER's death : " No public officer ever accepted a position more free from personal motive or trammel, or from a higher sense of public duty : in that spirit he performed his duties, and I had the pleasure of co-operating with him in reforms of an important character."

A further testimonial to the manner in which he discharged the trust confided to him, will be found in the official order issued by his successor, the Hon. M. D. Leggett, which is appended to this sketch.

Having thus performed the work assigned to him, he sought, on the retirement of Secretary Cox, to follow him into private life, but, at the urgent solicitation of the President, he remained some time longer, when his resignation was accepted, and he returned to his practice in Cincinnati.

His business now grew apace. His work in the

Patent Office had made him known to those interested in inventions as a man of rare skill and learning in such matters, and they hastened in such numbers to secure his professional services, that he soon found his business more than he alone could manage. His Eastern business being especially oppressive, by reason of the long and frequent journeys which it demanded, in June, 1872, he entered into a partnership with Gen. Samuel A. Duncan, who had been for some time Assistant Commissioner of Patents, a learned and able lawyer, and well skilled in the specialty in which Mr. FISHER's business lay. A branch office was then established in New York City, of which Gen. Duncan took charge, and the partnership continued until it was dissolved by the death of the senior partner.

From Col. FISHER's professional career we now turn to some other phases of his life. Notwithstanding the arduous toil which his business required at his hands, his life was by no means spent in his office, for he found time for much earnest and successful work in other departments of labor. The reports of cases involving patent rights being very meager, and the want of more complete reports being deeply felt by the profession, he applied himself to collecting, editing, and publishing a series of reports, under the title of "Fisher's Patent Cases." The time and care spent in this work were considerable, as the reports were chiefly obtained in manuscript from the clerks of the United States Courts, and required much labor to prepare them

for publication ; and, as his business did not allow him time for work upon them during office hours, much of this labor was done at home, in violation of his usual rule to leave all of business behind when the office-door closed after him. He also carried his copy and proofs with him in his travels, and employed the leisure which he then found in the preparation of the cases ; and thus, before his death, he had completed five large volumes, and the sixth was nearly ready for the press. The members of the bar engaged in the practice of patent law bear unanimous testimony to the value of these reports.

He possessed unusual gifts as a public speaker, and they were soon called into frequent use at public meetings and before societies. His style was terse and compact, but clear and forcible ; his thoughts were original and comprehensive, and his ever-faithful memory and quick sensibility to the association of ideas furnished him here, as at the bar, with a profusion of apt and striking illustrations. He spoke with great rapidity, but his enunciation was so distinct, and his elocution so perfect, that probably few noticed this characteristic, except the phonographers who were called upon to report his utterances. His voice, though a powerful bass, was rich and melodious, and he exhibited an earnestness in speaking which never failed to rivet the attention of his audience. His temperance addresses were especially powerful, for he felt so deeply upon this subject that he seemed to pour out his whole soul as he dwelt upon this theme. He was frequently called to lecture before

the Young Men's Christian Association, being a man, as the chairman of the Lecture Committee said, who could always be depended on to fill any emergency.

Being soon recognized in Cincinnati as an earnest friend of popular education, he was elected a member of the Board of Education, and was soon chosen President of the Board, a position which he filled with acknowledged ability for several years, and until his removal to Washington compelled his resignation.

But, besides these adjuncts to his regular employment, he had other duties which he regarded as still more sacred, and which, whatever the demands upon him, he never neglected—his duty to his Master, his duty to his race, and his duty to his family. Col. FISHER was, by nature and practice, a Christian philanthropist of the noblest type. Wherever he went, he always strove, like Him whom he loved and served, to “go about doing good.” His ears were never closed to the cry of sorrow, nor his hand to the appeal of the suffering. Besides liberal donations to churches, missions, Sunday-schools, and public charities, he spent considerable sums in relieving the wants of the deserving poor. When a case of destitution was presented to him, he cheerfully gave valuable time in tracing it out, and rendering the needed assistance. And, more than this, all the gifts at his command were freely and joyfully used in promoting the well-being of his fellow-men.

He may well be supposed to have inherited a strong predilection for the work of the ministry, for several

members of the family had held eminent positions in the Presbyterian denomination, and were prominently connected with some of the most notable events in the history of that church. For example, his grandfather, Dr. Samuel Fisher, was Moderator of the General Assembly at the time of the division between the Old and New Schools, while his uncle, Dr. Samuel Fisher, son and namesake of the former, occupied the same position when the Southern division withdrew. Mr. FISHER sometimes expressed a regret that he had not himself entered the sacred profession, but he freely devoted all the strength which he had to give to home missionary labor and other Christian work.

Soon after he joined the church in Cincinnati, he entered upon the work of establishing a mission school in the western portion of the city, a region where religious opportunities were very rare. To this school he gave the name of "Olivet Mission," and to it he devoted himself for years with unflagging zeal and liberality, until at length it grew into the proportions of a regularly organized church. He was very fond of children, and delighted to see them gathered in Sunday-schools. When, as often happened, he found himself obliged to spend a Sabbath away from home, his chief delight was to seek out some mission school, and "have a talk with the children." And what talks they were! Simple and direct in style, not a phrase that even the very young could not understand, embellished with pertinent illustrations and anecdotes which caught the youthful fancy and held the attention fixed, he talked

to them of their Savior and the life to come, with such evident personal conviction and interest that none who heard these talks could ever forget them.

Although he sometimes seemed to strangers somewhat reserved, those who had even a slight acquaintance with him, knew that his heart was filled with human sympathy. When he assumed charge of the Patent Office at Washington, one of his first efforts was to bring himself into kindly relations with the employes, and to make them feel that he was not only their official chief, but their friend, and in this he fully succeeded. Among his private correspondence were found many letters acknowledging the writers' obligations to him for friendly counsel and sympathy; and at his funeral a beautiful floral column upon the casket which held his remains, the tribute of the employes of the Patent Office, testified that, though dead, he was not forgotten, nor unmourned.

Notwithstanding the labor and cares of his official life in Washington, he was as full of good works there as when at home. During the week, he gave as much time as he could spare to the work of the Young Men's Christian Association, and his Sabbaths were by no means, in the ordinary sense, days of rest, for he taught the Bible-class at Dr. Sunderland's church in the morning, another class in a colored mission-school in the afternoon, and usually addressed some Sunday-school or other gathering in the evening.

His affection for young men, and his solicitude for those who, strangers in a strange city, were exposed

to the peculiar temptations of city life, were very strong, and one of the chief sources of enjoyment to him was the work of the Young Men's Christian Association. Into this, he entered heart and soul. Unmindful of the labors which already taxed his time and strength, he accepted the position of President of the Association in Cincinnati, which he held for several years, and, by his rare social qualities, his excellence as a presiding officer, his readiness to respond to any call, and his ability to supply the want in any emergency, he contributed very largely to the success of the undertaking. But his work with young men was not done solely in public. Over those with whom he associated, he kept a watchful eye, and when he detected signs of wandering from the paths of virtue or sobriety, he went to them in person, and, in a manner full of affection and brotherly solicitude, which overthrew pride and disarmed resentment, he showed them the perils of their ways, and entreated them to pause before it was too late. How many souls owe their escape from a life of sin and disgrace to his timely counsels, no man now knoweth; but the time cometh when they shall be counted among the stars in his crown.

It is not a matter of surprise that those who knew this man's life the best, his ceaseless activity, and the incessant strain upon his physical, mental, and nervous powers, how he crowded into every day the work of two or three, should have asked: How does he live? The answer was of course to be found partly in his remarkably fine physical organization. His constitution, nat-

urally like iron, was tempered by athletic exercise until it became like spring steel. His health was perfect. We believe he was never laid upon a bed of sickness for a single day after he reached manhood. He possessed, too, strong recuperative powers. His sleep was like that of an infant—dreamless, peaceful, restful. But perhaps that which contributed more than anything else to save him from premature old age was his faculty for shaking off his cares, and expelling from his mind all thoughts of business when business hours were over. Whatever burdens oppressed him, they all dropped, like the pack from the Pilgrim's back, when he entered the charmed circle of his household. He possessed, also, gifts and tastes besides those which have thus far been noticed, and which were better known to his family and the social circle in which he moved, than to the general public, and in the cultivation and exercise of these he found relief from the prostration which might otherwise have overtaken him. He was very fond of general literature, and in his journeyings was always accompanied by a new book or an old favorite, to which he devoted such time as was not otherwise employed. Perhaps the most of his general reading in his later years was done in this desultory way, but he managed, with his quick perceptions and retentive memory, to keep himself well informed of what other minds in the world were doing in light literature, science, and philosophy. He had fine musical tastes. His voice was a rich, deep bass, so powerful as to attract attention, and so melodious as to excite admira-



tion, even when mingled with the voices of a large congregation. He was familiar with the works of the masters of classical music, and admired them deeply ; but he, after all, best loved those simple but grand old tunes, set to such words as "Rock of Ages," and "Oh, could I speak," for in them his heart found expression for the unfaltering trust in and adoration for his Maker and Savior, which filled his soul. Of the little church on Mt. Auburn, with which he was connected during the last years of his life, he was one of the founders and one of the strongest pillars. In the sermon preached at his funeral, by the first minister to the church, which is published in connection with this sketch, will be found a testimonial to the service which he rendered to his pastor. To his further usefulness in the church, an elder paid a tribute when he told how, in their early prayer and social meetings, when the pastor was absent, they sometimes felt much apprehension lest the exercises should be dull and unprofitable, but when Mr. FISHER entered, they all drew a long breath of relief, feeling that all cause for anxiety was removed. Shortly after his death the treasurer of the church said, in conversation with a friend of the deceased : "Col. FISHER was a man whom I never asked for money. He would say, 'Well, A., how are the finances coming on? How much do you need to take you through?' And his purse was always open to relieve our necessities."

He had an artist's eye and a skilled hand, and among the souvenirs which he left behind him, are many

little sketches with pen and pencil, of scenes and figures which attracted his notice in his goings to and fro. Of his dramatic power and skill we have already spoken. His life was too busy, and his stays at home too brief, to permit a frequent exercise of these ; but, when occasion offered, the treats which his friends enjoyed in his parlors were worthy of larger audiences. He had a strong social nature, and the originality of his thought, the extent of his acquirements, the fluency of his speech, and the cordiality and geniality of his disposition, made him a most charming companion. Unobtrusive in his manners, he still exerted all his powers and freely used all his gifts for the pleasure of those with whom he was associated, and no one could enjoy much of his society without feeling refreshed and strengthened in both mind and heart.

### *His Home Life.*

But it is, after all, into a man's home life that we must go to learn what he is. Here, freed from the restraints which fetter him in public and social life, his heart reveals itself and his inner life is disclosed. And here, in the sacred home circle, Mr. FISHER's character shines the brightest. Devotedly attached to his wife and children, his constant thought at home and abroad was how he could best make them happy, and his highest enjoyment was found in their society. No clouds ever darkened over him at home, but the sun-

shine of his presence flooded the house with a warmth and radiance which all who entered could feel and see. As full of animal life and vigor as his children, he joined in their wild frolics and sports with as much abandon and enthusiasm as they, and with as much apparent enjoyment. Often, stretched upon the floor with them around him, he would expound to them the mysteries of some new mechanical toy which he had found during his last absence, and exhibit its action to their wondering eyes until their hour of bedtime. It was truly a happy family ; and, terribly as it has been bereaved, its members can find much comfort in the thought that the lost husband and father never, by word, look, or deed, did aught to wound or grieve them, but all their memories of him are of uniform gentleness and tender devotion. Surely, never were wife and children more blessed in husband and father, and never, we may truthfully add, was husband and father more blessed in wife and children.

Such was the man—so gifted, yet so simple ; so strong, yet so gentle ; whose character was so many-sided, yet so harmonious ; whose organization was so charged with nervous energy, yet so well balanced—whom death has taken from us in the very prime of his life. The future was very bright before him. The world seemed to have no comforts, no luxuries, no blessings, which were not within his reach. He was already actively engaged in good works, and cherished hopes of being able, within a very short time, to devote himself more fully to doing good. And yet this man,

than whom, it seemed, there were few whom education, society, and Christianity could not better spare—who was about to thrust his sickle into broader and richer fields of usefulness—was taken away without a moment's warning. Truly, the most exalted and enduring faith is needed to withstand the shock of so mysterious and appalling a providence.

### *Robbie.*

In connection with this sketch of the father, it is fitting that some notice should be made of the lovely boy who had shared so largely in his pleasures, and from whom, in death, he was not divided. Although ROBBIE FISHER had not yet reached his eleventh year, he had already developed gifts of mind and traits of character which marked him as a child of rare promise. Lithe and graceful in figure, with a fine complexion, regular features, a bright, sunny face, a well-rounded head, crowned with an abundance of golden brown hair, he was, especially in his early childhood, a marvel of beauty. He was, moreover, as

“Unconscious of his loveliness—  
His beauty, fresh and shadowless—  
As a violet of its blue,”

and seemed to shrink from the notice which he attracted. To a bright, clear mind, and a retentive memory, he united a fondness for study rare in one so young; and

at school, like his father before him, he stood at the head of his class. He seemed, indeed, to have inherited many of his father's gifts, among which was a decided talent for music, and the flute with which his father presented him a few months before his death had already become a source of much pleasure to others besides himself. Although naturally strong of will and quick of temper, he was warm-hearted and affectionate; and during the last two years of his life, he was as gentle and obedient as a mother's heart could wish. His devotion to his mother was touching to see. He lingered around her like a lover, and, in her presence, was never satisfied unless his hand was clasped in hers, or caressing her hair and cheek, while he gazed into her face with a tender and reverent gaze, which plainly showed that his darling mamma was the idol of his heart.

Among his likings, was a great fondness for the water, and this was stimulated by his father's passion for boating, who usually selected a place in which to spend his summer vacation, which afforded an opportunity to indulge in this recreation. In these excursions, ROBBIE was his frequent companion.

### *The Last Excursion.*

MR. FISHER was greatly fascinated by the stories of the voyager in the Rob Roy canoe, and of other similar excursionists, and for a long time cherished a purpose to take a similar trip upon some of the beautiful rivers of his own country. The last two summers he had spent in Europe, having with him in the first tour his wife and daughter, Edith, and in the second, ROBBIE. For the summer of this year, he had thought of spending his vacation in a trip around the world, in which ROBBIE was to be his companion. But the demands of business were so urgent that he could not spare the time, and then his long-cherished project occurred to him as a substitute. ROBBIE was delighted with the scheme, and offered, if he could go with his papa in the boat, to stay at home next year, and let "Sister Edie" go around the world with him. And so it was settled that they should start from Elmira, on the line of the Erie Railway, and go down the Chemung river to the Susquehanna, thence down that beautiful stream to Havre de Grace, and from there, through a short curve, into the Delaware, and so to Philadelphia—a journey which would require about two weeks. The preparations were made with the scrupulous care and method which characterized Col. FISHER in all his enterprises. The boat was built in Clevel-

land, of galvanized iron, and, although very strong, weighed but ninety pounds, and was constructed in two parts, so that it could be taken apart, and transported by hand around dams and rapids which could not be run with safety. It was also fitted with air-chambers, so perfect that when forced under the water, it rose with the buoyancy of a cork, when released. These served also to contain their camping-tent, blankets, clothing, books, and other articles necessary to their comfort. The courses of the rivers which they were to follow were carefully mapped out, and a schedule prepared for the whole journey, showing where each night would find them, the arrangement being such that their Sundays could be spent in a town or village. The first of August was fixed as the day for starting, and about the middle of July, Mrs. Fisher, with the three children, repaired to Seneca Point, on Lake Canandaigua. Here, Col. FISHER joined them, after two weeks spent in journeying between various cities where he had important cases to conduct. He was greatly pressed for time, and the evening before leaving home he remarked to some friends that he would even now abandon the trip, if it were not for the sore disappointment which it would cause to ROBBIE.

When the appointed morning came, they were astir betimes. The boat had been sent through the chain of lakes from Canandaigua to Elmira, and the voyagers, having bidden adieu to the rest of the family, whom they were to rejoin at Pigeon Cove, Mass., two weeks later, the little craft, with its precious burden,

the American flag floating gaily from the stern, held its way down the Chemung. During the first week, ROBBIE kept a journal, which was found in the box that floated down the stream after the catastrophe, carrying the first news of the disaster to the friends of Col. FISHER. In this, he noted daily the incidents of the trip, making a relic of priceless value to the afflicted survivors. Their first Sunday was spent in Scranton, their boat being left at Pittston. Their visit was a charming surprise to Mr. FISHER's brother, who resided here, and to his old playmate, friend, and cousin, James Fisher, of whom he had seen but little in the busy years of his manhood. Ready as ever to use his talents in the service of his Master, he spoke twice to Sunday-schools during the day, and in the evening attended a temperance meeting, where he delivered an address, which is said to have been one of unusual power and pathos, and which deeply moved the hearts of those who heard it. ROBBIE joined in the exercises of a class at one of the Sunday-schools, and his teacher, attracted by his beauty, gentleness, and earnest attention, gave him a paper containing the lesson for the next Sabbath, on which he said, all unconscious of the sad prophecy which his words contained, "Perhaps, next Sunday, I shall not be where I can go to Sunday-school." On Monday morning, they resumed their way, accompanied by Mr. James Fisher, who remained with them until noon on Wednesday. He bears strong testimony to the care with which Col. FISHER navigated the river. On the appearance in the distance of any



disturbance of the surface indicating the presence of rapids, the boat was stopped and a survey taken, either from the bank, or from some high rock. If a channel was found easy and safe, the boat went on; if danger appeared, it was carried around the point of peril, and launched again below. When Col. FISHER first broached his project, many of his friends felt sore misgivings that it would be a dangerous one. But when they reflected upon his familiarity with boating, his skill with the oar, his great strength, his clear head, his presence of mind, and his careful attention to details in his enterprises, and, above all, when he had explained the manner in which he should pursue his course, their fears were allayed, and they felt that no harm would come to him and his son which could be averted by mortal power. Nor will any one who knew him intimately entertain for a moment the thought that any act of rashness or carelessness on his part contributed to their death.

They reached Harrisburg, Pa., according to programme, having had most perfect weather and a delightful trip. Nothing had yet occurred to mar their pleasure for an instant, and their hearts now began to turn toward the loved ones whom they expected within a few days more to meet. A day was spent in Harrisburg, and from here Col. FISHER sent home his tent and blankets, having changed his purpose, and decided to take his boat only as far as Havre de Grace, going by rail from there to Philadelphia. The last message sent by them was a letter from ROBBIE to his grand-

mother in Cincinnati, written on the morning of the fatal day, which closed by saying, "We have had a pleasant journey, and are up to time."

About fifteen miles below Harrisburg, and just below the village of Middletown, is the most dangerous place on the Susquehanna river—the rapids called Conewago Falls. Although, in high water, boats and rafts of lumber pass over them in safety, in low water the channel presents dangers which deter the most hardy boatmen from attempting the passage. At the stage of water in the river when Col. FISHER approached it, the first fall was an abrupt descent of several feet, broken by jagged rocks below. The current above was for the most part shallow and sluggish, the mass of it being collected in a deep and narrow channel, through which it flowed with fearful velocity, until it reached the edge of the fall, over which it glided in a smooth, unbroken sheet, giving no warning, by ripple or roar, of the presence of the fatal brink. Col. FISHER was well aware of the character of these rapids, and the dangers of an attempt to pass through them in low water, and he never thought to make the attempt. Around the rapids, runs a canal, through which he intended, as he repeatedly declared, to reach the smooth, safe current below. What untoward accident diverted him from his course, or what dire misfortune rendered it impossible for him to execute his purposes, we may never know. Probably the person who last saw them was an employe on the railroad which runs near the scene. He relates that, about noon of that day, he saw a boat moored to

a large rock in the middle of the main channel of the river, and with the boat were two persons—a large and a small one. He paid but little attention to the circumstance, as it was not unusual to see fishermen's boats in that locality, and turned away to shift his switch for an approaching train. When he looked again, the boat and party were gone; but this did not attract his special attention, or excite suspicion in his mind. These two persons were doubtless Col. FISHER and ROBBIE, the Colonel having, according to his custom, repaired to the rock, and mounted it to survey the channel and determine the safest course to pursue. It is impossible to suppose that he could have attempted the passage; but what circumstances conspired to bring him within the reach of the fierce and treacherous current which wrested the boat from the control of his powerful oars, and hurled it and its occupants over the brink, and upon the rocks below, it is vain to inquire, for no eye but that of Him who directed the event rested upon the scene.

On this Friday afternoon a small party of gentlemen were fishing from a large rock in the lower rapids, a little more than a quarter of a mile below the first fall. At about two o'clock, one of them spied a curious looking box floating with the swift current. In a moment the boat was manned and the box recovered. This was a most fortunate incident. The box being heavily loaded, would have gone to the bottom as soon as it found more quiet water, and it contained the only immediate means of identifying those

to whom it had belonged. Soon after, four oars, one after the other, then a hat, and other articles of clothing floated down, and the suspicions first excited by the box were confirmed. On opening the box, they soon found a paper bearing Col. FISHER's address, and a sketch-book containing a likeness of himself, drawn during his trip, and which, during the afternoon, was recognized by a former client, Mr. R. Hoffheim, who lived in the neighboring town of York. A search was at once begun, and the boat was soon found, its battered prow and broken edges bearing further testimony to the fate which had befallen the occupants. As soon as the telegraph station could be reached, the dreadful news was communicated to his friends in New York, Cincinnati, and Scranton. From the latter place his brother and cousin hastened to the spot and joined in the search, which resulted, on Sunday morning, in finding Col. FISHER's body lodged among the rocks, and on Monday morning the lifeless form of ROBBIE. Meanwhile, the friends of the family were in a state of fearful suspense. Their first thought was, "It can not be; there must be some mistake; they must have gone ashore, and the boat drifted away from them." Nor was it until the news was received that Mr. FISHER's body was recovered, that the last hope died out in the hearts of some. The bodies were not far distant from each other. Their faces bore no traces of suffering. ROBBIE's hands were partly open in a natural manner, and those of his father, still encased in his rowing-gloves, were partly closed as if

yet grasping the oars. By these and other tokens, the sorrowing survivors have the comforting assurance that death came to them in a painless way—that they passed, without a premonition, or struggle, or pang, from this into the Higher Life.

With the kind and efficient aid of Mr. Hoffheim, Mr. Taylor, Mr. Jordan, and other good citizens of York, the remains were prepared for transportation, and forwarded to Cincinnati for interment.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Fisher, with the daughter and younger son, had gone to Pigeon Cove, on the sea-coast, near Rockport, Mass., where it had been arranged that her husband and ROBBIE should join her at the conclusion of their trip. Here, all unconscious that she should never see them again upon earth, she awaited, with joyful heart, their early coming. When the last gleam of hope which lingered in the breasts of Col. FISHER's friends that the news was untrue, was extinguished, a messenger left New York for Pigeon Cove, where he arrived on Monday morning. From the scene which followed the disclosure of the appalling tidings to the doubly bereaved wife and mother, the vail can not be drawn; but we think it permissible to say that, although her heart was wrung with the most poignant anguish that a human heart can feel, though the future of her life on earth seemed so dark and joyless that she yearned to fly, with the darlings yet left to her, and join those who had gone before, yet not a shadow of distrust or rebellion entered her heart. "If I could but take Edie and Bertie with me!" she cried,

in her agony ; but for their sakes she struggled with her overwhelming grief, in that awful hour, and during the long and weary journey to her desolated home, with a moral heroism and a reverent submission to the will of Him who had given and who had taken away, which were not born of mortal strength.

The news of the fearful calamity carried widespread sorrow throughout the land. From every quarter messages by mail and telegraph reached Mrs. Fisher, expressive of the profound sorrow of the senders, and their lively sympathy with the bereaved wife and mother. Cincinnati was shrouded in gloom. Here, where he was so well known and so much beloved by old and young, and high and low, hundreds felt that they had been visited with a personal loss, and their sad faces testified to the grief which afflicted their hearts. It was a frequent remark, upon the streets and in public places, that the city had never before been darkened with such a cloud, except on the occasion of President Lincoln's death.

### *The Last Rites.*

Upon the day appointed for the funeral, a simple, but beautiful service was held at the house by the Rev. Dr. Taylor, and the remains of the two were then conveyed to the church they loved so well. The house was filled with an assembly composed chiefly of his personal friends, and not many eyes were dry as

they listened to the glowing tribute paid to the departed by the former pastor, and realized that their faces would be seen no more upon the earth. At the close of the services in the church, the remains were followed to the cemetery of Spring Grove by a long train of mourners and sorrowing friends, and there, as the last rays of the setting sun flooded the beautiful scene with a celestial radiance, they were recommitted to the keeping of the common mother until the resurrection morn shall dawn.

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[“HARRISBURG, *August 13.*

. . . . . “We send home our tent and equipment, for we have no more camping places. To-morrow we expect to start for home by the usual mode of travel.

“S. S. F.”]

Afar down the beautiful river,  
 Together went father and son,  
 Day by day speeding joyously onward,  
 Till nearly their journey was done.

And day after day the bright heaven  
 Spread o'er them its canopy blue,  
 While night after night the clear starlight  
 Strewed gems on their tent in the dew.

And still, as they passed down the river,  
 (By vision of mortal unseen,)  
 A spirit had hovered above them—  
 A being of angelic mien.

“Our boat,” they had said, “we will lighten,  
 For there'll be no more camping to do;  
 Send homeward our tent, and to-morrow,  
 God willing, we'll speed thither too.”

And, listening, the beautiful spirit  
Said low, with significant smile,  
“Aye, lighten your boat ; it is fitting :  
The meaning you ’ll gather erewhile.

“ For you ’ll camp never more by the river,  
The end of life’s journey is come ;  
Neither tent nor boat will be needed,  
For to-morrow I ’ll bear you home.”

And later, a boat, bruised and broken,  
Lay empty and wrecked near the shore,  
Too truly the sad story telling,  
That father and son were no more.

But, oh ! that to weak human vision  
The joy had been given to see  
That spirit boat buoyantly floating,  
With its homeward bound party of three.

Adown the bright, beautiful river,  
The shimmering, mystical stream,  
That flows to the shores dimly glowing,  
Far off, like a shadowy dream,

While, fair as the radiant spirit  
Whose gentle hand guided the helm,  
Grew the glorified forms of the loved ones,  
As they drew toward the shining realm,

Till, at last, with ineffable glory,  
That streamed from the portals so bright,  
Their faces shone purer and fairer,  
Till lost in a halo of light.



## Memorial Address.

BY THE REV. A. A. E. TAYLOR, D.D., PRESIDENT OF WOOSTER UNIVERSITY.

2 Kings iv. 26 :—" Run now, I pray thee to meet her, and say unto her, Is it well with thee? Is it well with thy husband? Is it well with the child? And she answered, It is well."

We turn back nearly three thousand years in the volume of the history of sorrow, and read as if it were the record of to-day. Neither the face nor the heart of anguish has changed in all these centuries. The old woe still endures. Still the closest ties of nature and affection are sundered. Still living hearts lie bleeding at the feet of the dying and the dead. Still mourners wail, and cry: "Alas! is mercy dead in the heart of God?" But, Friends, while sorrow lives, does not God live also? Shall not His love, with whom one day is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day, outlive the woe that is fallen on His children? Shall not the faith of the new dispensation respond to the faith of the old, and find strength for the ancient sigh of submission—"It is well; it is well."

Behold the Shunamite, hastening out from the darkened chamber of a stricken home to seek the pres-

ence of the prophet of God. It would seem that her heart had been locked in her breast, and her tears frozen in their cells, as, with the calm resolve of desperation, she passes beyond her threshold to seek for help in its only source. It was God who had given; it was God who had taken away; it was God alone who could comfort or restore. The heart of her child was still; the heart of her husband would soon be crushed, and her own heart broken. But she felt that it would be well. Somehow, it must be well. And we can forgive the reproach with which she greeted the man of God: "Did I not say, do not deceive me?" Ah! it is so natural, so inevitable, when treasures and joys have been given only to be suddenly snatched away, that the smitten soul should exclaim to God, "Did I desire these of Thee? Did I not say, do not deceive me?" We feel that we have possessed but that we might be betrayed into the loss and its unendurable anguish; that we have grasped our joys only to find a crushed life left in our hand. God have mercy and forgive the fearful wrestlings of a soul pierced by such a grief. And back of all the natural repining, deep under all the sense of an injured spirit, may God ever give His beloved ones a trust strong enough, a patience heroic enough, to cry, as they bow at the mercy seat, "It is well—it is well."

Dear Friends, we stand to-day in the gloom of an affliction denser far than that of which we have now read in the holy page. A single grave is wide enough—is dark enough. It seems all that one could endure

to confront. But a double gulf—a tomb that opens for two—this palsies the heart with the spell of a twofold darkness, and of a silence that is doubly sealed. That faith must lay hold with both hands upon God, clasping alike His love and His mercy, that now shall answer, “It is well,” when the messenger shall ask, “Is it well with thee? Is it well with thy husband? Is it well with the child?” Well enough for them! But, oh! is it well with thee?

If aught of human experience can reconcile us to death, it is the thought that the departed are saved from the passage through such fires as flame about us now. But we can go no further in this direction. Our hearts compel us to cease. It is no time for reason. It is no time to pry, through the blindness of tears, into the mysteries of such a providence. It is no time for a “wherefore” or a “whence.” We stand speechless, palsied before an awful fact. It is a calamity whose circumstances are inexplicable. I was dumb with silence. I opened not my mouth, because Thou didst it. Only let the curtain hang as God hath let it fall.

“Speak to these curious hearts of ours,  
And teach them to be still;  
God hath his mysteries of grace,  
Ways that we can not tell;  
He hides them deep, like the secret sleep  
Of him He loved so well.”

When, nearly a year ago, we were being borne swiftly away from this beloved flock, in the sadness of

our musing, this thought sprang to our lips: Who among these treasured hearts shall be called upon to earthly sorrows? Who shall first be snatched away? But the tongue dared venture no response; the spirit dared picture no distinct bereavement. Who could have anticipated that, at once among the leaders and the lambs, so sudden and fatal a blow could have fallen, with so cruel a tragedy as this?

For the last five years, this hill has been most disproportionately afflicted in the loss of its men. And when the electric wires shocked our senses with this fearful story, our first thought was this: How shall possible comfort be found for a blighted home and a weeping church? If we may sufficiently rise above the sense of so great a personal bereavement; if our individual affection may so restrain the overflowing ardor of its fountain bursting from this smitten rock, as to permit us to utter words that distant sympathy may not misinterpret into the phrase of eulogium, then let us try to speak as we believe, and so seek consolation in the recital. And, speaking, let us endeavor to portray truly the character of a noble and consistent Christian workman—a character that may stand as an example for our cheer as we regard the past, and for our future imitation.

How shall we render a fitting tribute to such a friend!

SAMUEL S. FISHER was descended from a family blessed with many eminent Christian characters, of some of whom this community may well bear undis-

puted testimony. Yet he fully sustained the reputation of his name. Barely passed through half the working period of life, he has left a record fuller than that of most lives that have endured unto the end. Having so much appointed to him, and only a score of years in which to work, God led him to crowd a lifetime's work into this brief period. He was thrown early into the world alone, without other resources than those of his large heart, his great head, and his undaunted spirit. But thoroughly imbued with firm and undoubting Christian principle from the outset, he struggled on and up, patiently, perseveringly, enduring as seeing Him that is invisible. In youth, amidst the perils of the companionship of a great and dangerous city, as in later years in high station in military and in civil office, his Christian steadfastness proved unwavering. His bold avowal of the Christian name and his constant toil in the ranks of Christian labor, were a part of his constant reputation. He fought the temptations and dangers of every public station, and of life's absorbing demands in business, with excessive activity in every department of religious duty. It was thus that he fed his soul and preserved the balance of his spiritual life amidst occupations and cares, where so many lose the balance and starve their souls. Nor did he seek the high seats in the synagogues; for the mission schools, the orphan homes, the dependent circles of society, are all redolent with his zealous and indefatigable attentions and self-sacrifices. It was not moneyed contributions alone, but liberal

gifts of bodily presence and of toilsome teaching in the lowest ranks that he gave. The head of a regiment was a friend and a comforter in the hospital. The Commissioner of Patents was a teacher in a colored mission Sabbath-school. The compiler of learned annual Reports was a helper in the prayer-meetings of the Young Men's Christian Association. The counselor of the wealthiest corporations gave himself to nearly every charity in the community as a constant adviser and guardian. He was as ready to assist in person the Sabbath-school of a country village as to try a case in the higher courts. He wrought in the fields of God as arduously and faithfully as in the fields of learning and law. This versatility of labor and counsel, this abounding fertility of resources, is what seems most remarkable and almost unparalleled in his character and life. Need I say what he was in his own church, in our Sabbath-school, in our meetings of prayer, in the early days and in the latter days. No man ever helped a pastor more faithfully and ardently than he, with ever ready and adequate response for any emergency, and with unfailing sympathy, appreciation, and counsel. It made one love the Master more to work with such a friend. For he was willing to communicate even whatever was communicable of his own surpassing gifts of mind and stores of knowledge, of his graces of method and manner, that he might further qualify his pastor for the work, and help him meet its incessant exactions.

I speak, dear friends, that I do know. And when God sent a dear, faithful pastor to this church a few

months since, I can also bear personal witness to the earnestness and zeal with which he rallied alike to his support. Was not his consistency before you unquestionable? Was not his faithfulness unflagging? Whose absence from these seats could create a greater void? Whose presence could fill a wider sphere? And yet when asked, how, amidst such pressure of the world, he endured so much and accomplished so much, his modest and ever memorable reply was this: "Only God's grace can sustain a man, or help him work for Christ." Wondering once that he had not entered the ministry, his reply was instant: "There seems more need of work in my place than in yours." And that he contemplated giving himself, at an early day, entirely to Christian labor as a layman, was known to a few of his most intimate personal friends. We shall not speak of his charities, for they are scattered everywhere during the years, in unstinted liberality, to speak for themselves, and, in many lowly haunts, to help where only some widowed or care-ridden heart can whisper of them with God. The laborer and the unfortunate rise up to call him blessed.

When we pass on to consider his intellect, we utter but the simple truth in saying, what has been often said, that rarely might his peer be found. His breadth and comprehensiveness of mental grasp were simply amazing. He stood at home among the principles, applications, and history of every accessible subject. In science, philosophy, art, and theology, he seemed to have grasped the fundamental points and to have generalized thence with unerring logic, acumen, and skill

into the whole circle of details and conclusions. And literature, in all its historic stores, was laid under obligation to illustrate with brilliant utterance the rest. With swift and pre-eminent keenness of discernment, he probed a subject, analyzed and searched a theory, dissected the argument of a book or brief, seizing the essentials and casting away the cumbersome details with impatient eye, just as he discovered the secret of a mechanical model at the first sharp glance. It was thus only that his great acquirements can be accounted for. Add to this a memory that never forgot anything it had ever caught, whose self-command could reproduce on the instant whatever it contained, of prose or poetry, mathematics or logic, illustration or anecdote, and we may see how his library was ever borne and used where he went. And when these faculties were vivified by an imagination that produced what his eye had failed to see in the realms of thought or observation, it were difficult indeed to find the one who could prove himself in all respects an equal. Yet, as generous in thought as in things, the workings and products of this mind were liberally shared with the social circle, the select literary society, the church, and the popular audience, as well as kept in constant command for that wide professional field where he wrought. And his opinions and judgments were implicitly relied upon by a vast number of his friends and associates, as if his speech were the voice of an oracle, to be heard and obeyed. Yet he spake with no oracular authority, but with the manner of a familiar friend.



Shall we dwell upon the strength and generosity of his emotional nature, that opened itself fully and frankly to every companion, and that held nothing to keep in disguise? Speaking clearly just what he thought and felt, he was not liable to be misunderstood; and his position on all questions of political, moral, and religious interests, were known to all who sought or cared to see. For the victim of every human or social wrong he had an instinctive sympathy, and toiled for the relief of these wherever opportunity opened, as he toiled everywhere, with all his heart and might. His last public appearance in this city, at a reform meeting, was a key to the conduct of his public life. His generous nature kept him keenly alive to the rights and feelings of others, and none stood more ready than he to repair a seeming neglect, or unintended injury, in private or in public places. The resolution of Col. FISHER was indomitable, and his energy seemingly indefatigable. Incessant activity of brain and hand appeared to be essential to his peace. To use his own familiar phrase, he must work, for he had a steam-engine within him. Stealing every odd moment for labor, frequently preparing his most important cases as he traveled, or as he rested by the way, his days were full and fertile as the weeks of many other men. Relieving his mind by turning to wayside thoughts, he gained as much from observation of men and of things as from books; and nature's storehouse emptied its treasures at his feet. With a genial and ardent temperament, his recreations were widely sought amid all fresh

sights and thoughts, by the ocean and the lakes, amidst the mountains, and beyond the seas. And all this that he might gain not only rest and pleasure, but new strength for the coming toil. Alas! it was here that, in no adventurous spirit, but in determined and laborious search for nature's secluded beauty and grandeur, treacherous nature betrayed her best friend, and cruelly clasped him to her silent breast. In a moment, without warning, the gentle flow of the glassy river became a resistless torrent to sweep him into its vortex, while the sky smiled calmly overhead. How shall we think upon that frail bark that bore itself desperately through, but left its jewels engulfed behind. Oh! that a lifeless thing should pass the peril and float smoothly on, and only the living lie broken and wrecked behind.

It does not become me to speak at length of what he was in his profession, for here the measure of his acquirements, labors, and successes are common property of the public. His business knowledge and character carried into public office, communicated their method and power unto that new sphere, and reorganization became well nigh equal to a new creation. Proof against the seductions of vast interests, when imperiled or seeking power at his hands, he defied their hostility as boldly as he defended the right, and administered truth and justice, unswerved by fear of foe, or favor of friend.

With a swiftly increasing reputation, fairly won by his masterly work, he had risen to the forefront of his particular department of the legal profession, and the

largest interests in the land hastened to retain him in advance, as counselor and advocate. Standing at the bar, he bore himself as one who knows whereof he affirms, and, with unerring skill and endless reference, presented cases and propounded arguments that few possessed the learning or power successfully to rival. The genius of contrivance and invention in all this land has received a shock, and endured a loss in this fierce catastrophe that, it is safe to say, could have been produced by the fall of no other living man. Who dare offer himself for the vacant place?

Into the sacred seclusion of home and inner friendship, and into the deeper details of character, it were unlawful to enter. A friend of man, a friend of progress, a friend of culture, art, and thought, a friend of all God's people, and a friend of God—his face, his voice, his silver tongue, his manly and kindly presence, became to us his best memorials. That he loved Jesus Christ and strove to live near to God—that in this service his heart was active as were his lips and hands, not one of us who knew him may ever doubt.

It was characteristic when he sent this message to a dying sister: "Keep a steadfast gaze on Jesus."

But there is another one of whom it would seem that we ought to speak, and of whom none would better love to speak than we. Yet, this budding life so full of promise and of hope, so likely, in the coming time, to stand where the father stood—this undeveloped life shall mainly lie to-day and henceforth sealed,

sacred in its seclusion, cherished in secret where it best was known.

Here was a gentle and loving nature, that was rapidly maturing into premature manhood. ROBBIE'S profound affection and keen sense of duty and love for truth and right, had already well nigh mastered the natural waywardness of youth and the turbulence of a strong character; and a loving obedience and instinctive sense of delicacy in decision, rendered quick response to every reasonable demand. Ever ready to amuse and instruct, he became a coveted leader for the resting hours of his companions, often at the sacrifice of his own preferences, while study became his chief delight, and made knowledge and intellectual power the fascinating vision of his future. His heart was already won by the love of his fellow-men, and impressed by the love of the Savior of the ignorant and the helpless in the lands of the spiritual darkness; and when a deeply cherished and intensified desire to become a missionary, to which, after long consideration, he had devoted himself, received the reluctant assent of a clinging mother's heart, he sprang from his seat with the clapping of hands, while his heart overflowed with joy. That he would have endured in this purpose to the end, those who know the nature he so fully inherited can not doubt. In all essential respects, the son was strikingly like the father, in disposition, purpose, and power; and the record of the one embraces that of the other.

But now the son sleeps, as is meet, in the bosom of

the father, and both in the bosom of Christ. "They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided; they were swifter than eagles; they were stronger than lions." Is it well, is it well with these? It is well, it is well.

Dear Friends of this church and community, if we have spoken aught amiss, while our sorrow has sought to find an outlet through portrayals of memory, your affection will surely condone the fault. Each one of you, whose spiritual home is in this sanctuary, might fill a volume with fitting thoughts now left unspoken. They who knew our friend afar off will not distrust the judgment of those who stood by his side, or walked in his shadow with delight. We may well thank God that such a well-rounded character has lived such a conspicuous life in our midst. This volume of his sermons, printed on the pages of our hearts, will be found a more eloquent and more enduring memorial than many a feeble ministry or book of men renowned.

Of one thing we are all sure, he could not have been what he was but for the presence and power of the Holy Spirit in his heart, making itself manifest in all his words and ways. Herein lies the secret of his strength, "He walked with God." Alas! that we should now be compelled to complete the parallel by adding, "And he was not, for God took him." That he was thoroughly prepared in soul to go, it would be infidelity to doubt. And we ask you soberly to consider as he walks by the river, the waters whereof make glad the city of our God, whether his soul now dwells

chiefly upon his mental gifts, his rare bodily energies, his acquirements, reputation, wealth; or upon the thoughts and deeds, the faith and love that grew out of his union with the Savior of sinners and his steadfast purpose to serve the Lord. Judge ye, then, whether graces or gifts are more valuable for the task of every day, since we now see how any day may precipitate the test of the true value of life to the soul. "Watch, therefore, for ye know neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of Man cometh." Ah! these words whisper no longer for us like empty, fading echoes of an exhausted truth. They stand out, they flame out in our very presence to-day like the foreboding sentences printed on the wall one ancient night in Babylon. But he was ready when the Master called, though it were the noonday of a morning that promised only pleasure and security.

"Many fall as sudden, few as safe." Be ye, therefore, also ready.

But oh! do you cry, where is the solace? where the compensation? where may the comfort and resignation be found? Ah! we all stand helpless together here.

It may be that he might not long have endured the wracking energy of such a life, and thus may have been saved a worse conclusion. But we can sympathize—we can sorrow with the sorrowing—weeping with them that weep. And to-day, from the inner circle of this sweet hill, and from the outer circle of this whole community, and from afar to the ends of the whole land, true hearts devoted in their friendship, fond in their admiration of your loved one, hundreds of hearts are

wailing in spirit for your heavy woes, and crying earnestly to God in your behalf. Shocked to its center, an entire community mourns as for a brother. To know that he was appreciated and honored and loved, is to know that he lived not in vain ; and his virtues will long abide transplanted into other souls, blooming and fruiting in other lives. Yet into the deep recesses of your grief who may have grace to penetrate? We can only stand without and cry, while we wait for the touch of the angel hands, "Who shall roll us away the stone from the door of the sepulchre?" We must betake ourselves to the Holy Comforter. "Is there no balm in Gilead? Is there no physician there?" "They cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and He saveth them out of their distresses." "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee. He shall never suffer the righteous to be moved." "Thou which hast showed me great and sore troubles shalt quicken me again, and shalt bring me up again from the depths of the earth." "Come and let us return unto the Lord, for He hath torn and He will heal us ; He hath smitten and He will bind us up."

## Public Testimonials.

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As additional testimonials to the esteem and affection in which Col. FISHER was held by the members of the organizations with whom he was associated in public life, we subjoin some of the tributes which were paid by them to his memory.

### *Closing of the Patent Office.*

On the day following the public announcement of Col. FISHER's death, the following order was issued by Hon. M. D. Leggett, Commissioner of Patents:

U. S. PATENT OFFICE,

WASHINGTON, *August* 18, 1874.

The news of the sudden death of the Hon. S. S. FISHER, late Commissioner of Patents, has cast a pall of sadness over all connected with the Patent Office. We remember him as an affable, genial, generous friend and companion, a kind, courteous, just, and laborious officer, a high-toned Christian gentleman, always commanding the love and respect of all who came in contact with him.

Col. FISHER's administration of the Patent Office



was the beginning of a new era in its history. He did more to adapt the organization to the increased business of the office, more to establish uniformity in the practice and decisions of the office, and more to make such decisions and practice attainable and intelligible to the public, than had been done before. He ably discussed and satisfactorily settled many questions which had long vexed and harassed the office. He left the impress of his clear head and strong will discernible everywhere, and his administration will ever be regarded as an epoch in the history of our patent system.

In memory of his personal and official integrity, of his great ability as Commissioner, and of his eminent virtues as a good citizen and Christian gentleman, the Patent Office will be closed on Thursday, August 20th, the day of his funeral.

M. D. LEGGETT,

*Commissioner of Patents.*

### *Young Men's Christian Association of Cincinnati.*

In the evening of the day on which the funeral took place, the Young Men's Christian Association of Cincinnati held a called meeting, at which the Rev. Dr. Taylor, by direction and on behalf of the Board of Directors, presented the following resolutions:

How often the ways of Providence are hidden from our eyes. And yet we know that the Lord of

heaven and earth is too wise to err, and too good to do wrong. Therefore, we bow in humble submission to the will of God, knowing that in the light of eternity our earthly sorrows and saddest bereavements are luminous with the divine love.

*Resolved*, That in the death of our beloved brother and co-worker, Col. SAMUEL S. FISHER, the country has lost an eminent citizen, whose faithful services and untiring devotion to its interests deserved, as they have received, the rewards of high civic virtue.

*Resolved*, That as a citizen, a Christian, and a man, in every relation, private, public, or professional, his life, though cut off in its prime, commends itself to the acceptance of all, as a fitting exhibition of those traits that constitute a true and noble manhood, and as an example that all might imitate.

*Resolved*, That the Young Men's Christian Association of Cincinnati has been bereaved of one of its warmest and best friends, who, by his activity, influence, and counsel, contributed largely to its success and usefulness. We shall not only miss him from our midst, but the Associations in this country and others mourn the loss of a distinguished friend and eloquent champion. In 1870-71, as the President of our Association, and subsequently as a member of our Board, we shall not forget the abundance of his labors, the wisdom of his counsels, the inspiration of his presence, and the delights of our Christian social intercourse. In everything and everywhere, he illustrated in his life the excellence and power of our holy religion. In com-

mon with the large circle of his friends, we mourn his loss, yet knowing that our loss is his eternal gain. And we deeply sympathize with his dear family, and mingle our tears with theirs in this great sorrow.

*Resolved*, That these resolutions be spread on our minutes as the sense of this Board, and be referred for action also at a future meeting of the members of the Association, and be published in the daily papers, and a copy be transmitted to the family of our deceased friend and brother by the Secretary.

After several addresses by members of the Association, bearing testimony to the fidelity and zeal with which Col. FISHER had co-operated with them in this work, the following letter was read :

*H. Thane Miller, Esq., Pres't Y. M. C. A., Cincinnati.*

DEAR SIR:—I can not be present to-night at the meeting of the members of the Young Men's Christian Association, called to take action relative to the death of Col. SAMUEL S. FISHER, but I desire, as chairman of one of your committees, to express to the Association my deep sense of the loss we have sustained in the death of our estimable ex-President.

As chairman of the Lecture Committee of the Association, since the organization of this department, it has been my duty and privilege frequently to consult with Col. FISHER, and to call upon him for aid when the committee was embarrassed for lecturers to fill the course. In these emergencies, I am happy to bear tes-

timony to the cheerful and valuable assistance rendered by this steadfast friend of the Association.

On several occasions, he furnished your committee new lectures which attracted the attention of the whole country. When others with whom engagements had been made failed, he stood ready to bridge the difficulty by furnishing lectures of his own, though the appeal might be made at a time which gave him the shortest period for preparation. In the midst of the most urgent claims of private business, he never pleaded them as a reason for not extending your committee aid.

He who gave him to us has taken him away, and will, I trust, send another who may worthily wear his mantle, but I can not but feel that one of our surest earthly supports has been removed.

Of all the departments of the Association that deplore his loss, there is no one that has greater cause to mourn, or to bear testimony to the eminent virtues and abilities of this invaluable friend of the Association, than the bureau which I have the honor to represent.

Very respectfully,

SIDNEY D. MAXWELL.

After some further remarks, the resolutions of the Board were unanimously adopted.

*Action of his Regiment.*

On the morning of August 20th, the officers and members of the 138th Ohio Volunteer Infantry, Col. FISHER's old regiment, held a meeting, and Mr. Robt. A. Johnson, chairman of a committee appointed at a previous meeting, submitted the following memorial, which, after several warm tributes to Col. FISHER, was adopted :

The officers and men of the 138th Ohio Volunteer Infantry are called upon to mourn the loss of their late commander. Col. SAMUEL S. FISHER, on the 14th of August, 1864, whilst seeking recreation, at the close of an arduous but successful year's labor, in company with a promising son, met a painful death upon the Susquehanna river, near Harrisburg, Pennsylvania.

We can not conceal our sorrow at this sudden visitation of Providence; but while mourning his departure, we would hallow the occasion by a testimonial of memory of some of the bright, distinguished qualities of head and heart that endeared him to us as an officer and civilian.

On May 14, 1864, at Camp Dennison, O., with him we were mustered into the service of the United States. Though comparatively a stranger to a majority of the regiment, a short time sufficed to convince both officers and men that they were under the guidance of

a man whose scholarly attainments, whose natural and acquired proficiency in military affairs and the duties of the soldier, must lighten the burdens and diminish the dangers incident to life upon the tented field. With confidence we followed him through a brief but eventful period of the civil war. We will bear in grateful remembrance the healthy discipline he enforced, and the consequent morale attained by the regiment.

Assigned to the Army of the Potomac for service, whether on the march, in the camp, or on picket, he demanded and secured every comfort for his men consistent with the service. Ten years have not served to efface or throw a single cloud across our camp life. When troops were needed at the front, he was among the first to offer his regiment for the service. He was always with us. Not a bivouac but that we can associate therewith his active soldierly presence. At the mention of North Mountain, Forts Albany, Craig and Tillinghast, beyond Arlington Heights, the transports on the Potomac, the York and James, White House Landing, City Point, Bermuda Hundred, the Appomattox, near Petersburg, and the eastern shore of Virginia, eventful recollections troop by us. We point with admiration to his energy of purpose, his warm, patriotic heart, and the high moral and religious instincts of his nature.

The recollections of these endear him to us now that he is dead. He was a brave man. He was, too, a Christian man and soldier, and had he entered the

service at the beginning of the war he must needs have become a notable general officer. Our sorrow to-day will not be solitary, but will mingle in the common font of grief with which citizen and soldier, judge and suitor, private friend and public acquaintance, will lament his early death. We sympathize most deeply with the afflictions of his bereaved family, and we offer them our condolence in this, their hour of greatest grief.

*Resolved*, That a copy of these, our imperfectly spoken regrets, be transmitted by the officer of this meeting, to the family of the deceased, and that it be published in the daily papers of this city.

### *Tribute from the Cleveland Bar.*

On Wednesday morning, August 20th, at the convening of the United States Circuit Court in Cleveland, Hon. Martin Welker, Judge, presiding, Charles H. Robinson, Esq., at the request of many members of the bar, presented the following resolutions :

WHEREAS, It has become our sorrowful duty to meet and mourn the loss of Hon. SAMUEL S. FISHER, of Cincinnati, who met his death in a sudden, unlooked-for manner on Friday, the 14th inst. As a token of our regard for the lamented deceased, and to condole with his family for their double loss, it is

*Resolved*, That as members of the bar of the

United States District Court for the Northern District of Ohio, and as friends, we have sustained an irreparable loss in the death of Mr. Fisher; that as a lawyer in his specialty, he had no superior; that we recognize his high intellectual ability and prized his friendship; that although we shall never again hear his voice in this court-room, the remembrance of our pleasant associations with him, and of his ever kind and courteous presence, will be always fresh in our memories, with our love and respect for him as a friend and counselor.

*Resolved*, That we tender our sympathies to the family of the deceased and join with them in their mourning.

*Resolved*, That these resolutions, inadequate as they are to fully express our sorrow, be transmitted to his family, spread upon the journal of our Circuit Court, and published in the daily papers of this city and Cincinnati.

Mr. Robinson accompanied the reading of these resolutions by the following remarks:

In presenting these resolutions to your Honor, I at the same time respectfully ask that they be inscribed upon the journals of this court, in order that the memory of Mr. FISHER may be perpetuated in a manner suitable to his high character as a member of this court, and a man whose memory we all desire to retain fresh in our minds and hearts because of his many brilliant



qualities. If any words of mine could restore Mr. FISHER to the profession from which death has so suddenly removed him, how gladly would they be spoken. But, alas! with all our boasted power, we can not call him back. A learned man in full health and vigor, a friend, a brother, whose clear, ringing voice was so lately heard within these walls, has left us without warning, and we are compelled to submit. At his young age he had accomplished much. His life was a continual labor; to him it was pleasant. His leisure moments were passed by varying his studies and storing his mind with useful knowledge, instead of the usual nonentities of ordinary recreation. His vacations were generally passed in a manner different from the rest of the profession. He sought a quiet retreat, secluded from distraction—where he could meditate upon his labors, having them constantly before him. I have said he accomplished much at his young age. His literary and legal authorship is not unknown to us. Perhaps, though young, he had performed the labors of a lifetime, and having completed them was called away in a mysterious manner. It may be that all men are destined to fill a certain measure of work in this life, and, having finished, whether at a young age or an old age, they shall be called away. May our measure of works be as well filled as that of SAMUEL S. FISHER, and may our religious and moral convictions be as deep seated and as unobtrusive as his, so that when we are called from life it may be said of us as of him, “He has done well.”

Geo. H. Christy, an attorney of Pittsburg in attendance upon the court, followed in appropriate remarks. He had known Col. FISHER professionally and personally for many years; had been engaged in cases with and against him, and been before him when he held the post of Commissioner of Patents. He bore earnest and emphatic testimony to the ability and learning of the deceased, and to the excellence of his social qualities. He had been deeply impressed and distressed by the announcement of his death—so sudden, so unexpected, sundering so abruptly so many ties of professional and social life. He was glad of the opportunity of being present, and of saying something where his heart prompted him to say so much in regard to this sad event.

W. H. Burrridge, Esq., said:

I have known Col. FISHER for years, professionally and socially; and in every relation in which it has been my happy fortune to have met him, I ever found him to be the most genial, happy, and companionable of men, a steadfast, kindly friend, and a working, practical Christian. Professionally he was full of the details and technicality of the law, with a large experience and quick apprehension of mind that grasped the ideas of a subject in advance of the utterances of those with whom he might be in conversation; and his clear, sound, unimpeachable decisions, given in his official capacity as Commissioner, are referred to as authority in questions of law and fact.

Not only in his profession was Col. FISHER a ripe scholar, but in the arts and sciences and in questions of political and social policy of the day he was well read up, imparting his views and information in a correct, clear, and impressive manner, convincing one of his earnestness, truthfulness, knowledge, and sound judgment. All of his professional transactions were marked with integrity to his client and courtesy to his opponent, and free from all the petty tricks which are too often mingled with the profession.

U. S. Attorney Willey spoke as follows :

*May it please the Court :*

It is often said that death is an insatiable archer. And we are reminded too—how constantly are we reminded—that he loves a shining mark. And yet it happens usually that the arrow comes from amid clouds and darkness, which mercifully herald it and prepare us for it ; but here is lightning from a clear sky.

It is impossible to refrain from these suggestions. To us this sad intelligence has been doubly startling, for among the last of his professional efforts, but a few weeks since—it seems but yesterday—here in this courtroom, from this very spot, we listened to his thorough and exhaustive argumentation. Your Honor, with Mr. Justice Swayne, upon the bench, you, and we who contended with him, and all who heard him, bore witness to his high capacity for forensic effort. How little did you, did we, did any of us imagine that within so near a time, in the twinkling of an eye, all those professional

virtues and accomplishments with which he shone before earthly courts would stand for naught, while exalted high above them, brilliant and commanding as they were, would be those simple Christian virtues and graces of character, which could alone accredit him to that higher and last tribunal.

Sir, it has not been customary for this bar to hold memorial exercises for members who lived and died abroad. But this is an exceptional case. Mr. FISHER, though a resident of Cincinnati, had a large and important practice in this judicial district. Indeed, I may say here that his reputation, in his special department of the law, was a national one. He practiced, as advocate or counsel, in all the Federal courts, from Boston to New Orleans. He devoted himself to patent cases, finding there broad and sufficient scope for his remarkably quick and retentive intellect, versed in patent law, and constantly growing in its familiarity with all that wide range of the arts and sciences, which that department of practice makes subservient to its uses. He was an accomplished, able, valuable man. Nor will the courts or the profession ever forget how much they owe him, and must always owe him, for the volumes of reports of patent causes, which he collated with so great fidelity and care, and contributed to legal literature. They are monuments to his professional industry and research. Nor will it ever be forgotten how, in the brief term of office he filled as Commissioner of Patents, he remodeled that department, with

an energy and practical wisdom which will ever redound to his fame as a public officer.

May it please the Court, we can not but lament this death, and we should be wanting to all the proprieties and demands of the occasion, if we failed to make this record of our sorrow, and to send it, with our profoundest sympathies, to those whom this calamity has most nearly touched.

After these brief but earnest eulogies upon the character of Col. FISHER, Judge Welker remarked :

In making the order to place these resolutions upon the journal of this court, allow me to say that I fully concur in all that is said of Col. FISHER in them, as well as in the eloquent remarks of Mr. Robinson, Mr. Christy, Mr. Burrage, and District Attorney Willey.

For some years I had a very pleasant personal acquaintance with him, and from that association formed a very high opinion of him as a lawyer and as a man. His gentlemanly deportment and high sense of honor in his professional intercourse endeared him to all with whom he came in contact. As a public officer his duties were performed with great ability, and characterized by the exercise of stern integrity and great fidelity.

The death of such a man is a great loss to any community. By this bar, where he has had so much practice, and this court, in which his voice has been so often heard, his death will be deeply regretted.

### *Action of the Cincinnati Bar.*

The action of the bar of Cincinnati was postponed, in consequence of the courts not being in session, until October, when a meeting was held and a committee appointed to prepare resolutions.

On Saturday, October 10th, an adjourned meeting was held. Mr. S. J. Thompson presided, and, on taking the chair, said :

GENTLEMEN :—We have assembled on an occasion of sadness. At about the close of the courts for the past year, when walking away from this court-room, in company with a friend, I remarked inquiringly, “I wonder who will be taken from the bar by death during the ensuing vacation ;” for I had observed that, for years, the members of the bar had been convened, immediately upon the opening of the courts for the new year, to pass a tribute to the memory of some deceased brother. I need not say that the present occasion is one of unusual interest ; when, so suddenly and so mysteriously, this bar and the community, and, saddest of all, his beloved family, have been bereaved of one who, in every relation of life, was far above the average of men. It was my good fortune to have known Col. FISHER during all the years of his residence in this city ; and I was often enough brought in contact with him, pro-

fessionally and socially, to have learned to estimate him at his true value. In the particular department of the profession to which he devoted himself, it may, I think; be truly said that, in this part of the country at least, he was *primus inter primos*. It would certainly be no disparagement to any other man, practicing in that department of the law, to be accounted second to S. S. FISHER. He was a man, too, in the qualities of his heart, and in his personal bearing, to draw and attach to him all who were brought within his influence. Singularly genial, of a fine temperament, he was always cordial and always in true sympathy with all who were in need of sympathy or worthy of any consideration. As a member of the various Christian and benevolent organizations to which he was attached, his place can hardly be filled; and in his own household, his loss is indeed irreparable. He was always ready to engage in any enterprise that was intended for the real good of the community or of the world. In his addresses to courts, to juries, and in public assemblies, he was singularly direct, clear, earnest, and strong. As members of the bar, we are now met to take suitable action in regard to the great loss we have sustained; and I may add that it is only for the good that the bar and the community may hope to receive from occasions like this that such meetings are desirable. We can do nothing to affect the deceased—nothing to add to his good name and fair fame; but we may, and we should, derive some benefit to ourselves, from a consideration of the noble qualities for which he was so distinguished.

Mr. H. A. Morrill, on behalf of Hon. Aaron F. Perry, chairman of the Committee on Resolutions, who was unavoidably absent, then presented the following:

*Resolved*, The bar deplores what, to their human vision, seems the untimely cutting-off and loss of his usefulness as a citizen, and of his uncommonly successful career in one branch of our honored profession.

*Resolved*, His professional attention was devoted to patent law as a specialty, in which he achieved great and well-earned success. With minute and full knowledge of the law relating to his specialty, he combined administrative skill in handling the interests of clients and ability in the trial and advocacy of his cases, which placed him distinctly at the head of his branch of the profession in this part of the country, and it is doubtful if, in the effective combination of qualities named, he had a superior anywhere.

*Resolved*, He was for some time Commissioner of Patents in the organization of the administration of President Grant. His management of that important office was characterized by ability and zeal in the performance of its duties, and by valuable improvements in its methods. In addition to these official services, and to his eminently successful example as a practitioner, the literature of his profession is indebted to him for six volumes of the reports of judicial decisions, known as "Fisher's Patent Cases." They were collected with great industry, and edited and published in a



style befitting his high reputation. They will be consulted by the bar and bench when his more ephemeral triumphs shall have been forgotten, and will be enduring monuments of his laborious and shining career.

*Resolved,* As a citizen, he was public spirited, active, and patriotic. He left his lucrative employments, and commanded a regiment of "hundred-day men" in the crisis of our late civil war. He was zealous in the cause of public schools, and for a time served as President of our City Board of Education. He was active in religious duties, and was for a time President of the Young Men's Christian Association. He was a lover and companion of children, fond of drawing them around him in great numbers, and of contributing to their enjoyments. He was generally decided in his opinions, fearless and zealous in the duties of citizenship, whether relating to political movements, to the church, to reformatory and benevolent associations, or to the more secluded relations of social life. Not sparing of his exertions or his means in anything which engaged his support, he was, in his church, in his neighborhood, in his family relations, a model of faithful affection and generosity.

*Resolved,* The bar requests that these memorial expressions of their appreciation may be entered upon the records of this court, where his earliest and greatest successes were made, and where, as a lawyer, he was best known, and that a certified copy of the same, under the seal of the court, be sent to his widow as an as-

surance of the profoundest sympathies of the bar for her and for her family in their sorrowful bereavement.

Mr. E. W. Kittredge rose to second the adoption of the resolutions, and, in doing so, said :

Some twenty years ago, when I came to Cincinnati, Mr. FISHER had just entered on his career as a lawyer at this bar, and, in that interval of time, achieved the great success which we all recognize in his work. As has been already stated, he confined himself to a special department in the profession, and one result of that was that the abilities which led to the success he attained were less known to the lawyers who were engaged in a general practice than they would have been if these gentlemen were in the habit of meeting Mr. FISHER daily in their ordinary practice. I knew him well as a member of the bar, and socially in his family. In the former relation, he was a man of quick intellect, of very clear expression, and of decided ability—adroit, astute, and able in the conduct of his clients' affairs ; but, over and above all, he was a man of indefatigable industry in his profession; illustrating what has become a truism, at least in the legal profession, that genius is only founded on labor. Genius and the success of genius rest on labor. In his family, Mr. FISHER was exceedingly happy and devoted. The asperities that often mark the intercourse of lawyers with each other in the practice gave way altogether, in the case of Mr. FISHER, in social life, to the genial, earnest, hearty nature that

characterized him. He was generous and liberal to a fault in his intercourse with others, while, to his family, he was a fond husband and a devoted father. I unite with you, sir, in the expression of our sympathy for them in their bereavement. While, to the bar, I may say that, regarding his national reputation, probably no man could have been taken whose loss would leave so large a gap in the profession.

Judge Alphonso Taft said :

I feel bound to offer my tribute to the memory of Mr. FISHER. I well remember when the late Rev. Dr. Fisher called upon me to request a place for his nephew in my office. The doctor spoke of him as a young man of fine promise, and his language had a confidence and emphasis that could only arise from a deep conviction of great merit and of extraordinary mental power. The nephew came into our office, and justified the strong commendations of his uncle. Prompt, intelligent, and efficient, he finished what he attempted, and finished it well.

I lately discovered a document prepared in our office by Mr. FISHER—an elaborate deed to be executed in England—written in a style and manner to challenge the respect and admiration of an English conveyancer.

My intercourse with him in the office, and afterward in professional life, was cordial and agreeable, leaving none but pleasant memories. His career has been a remarkable one. With quick and strong perceptions, with great mechanical ingenuity, with easy and

graceful eloquence and unfailing fluency of expression, sustained by uniform self-possession and glowing zeal, he has won unrivaled success in the field of distinction he has chosen.

His literary and his dramatic talents were rare, and were well known and appreciated by those who were accustomed to meet him in social and literary circles.

In taking a farewell estimate of the life and character of our departed friend, we may say truly, and with entire unanimity, that his influence was broad and wholesome upon the community in which he lived and useful to the world, and that his untimely death is sincerely and widely deplored.

Hon. E. F. Noyes said :

I hesitate, Mr. Chairman, to obtrude upon the solemnities of this occasion any poor words of my own; but I can not permit the opportunity to pass without offering my humble tribute of respect to the memory of our deceased brother, who was my neighbor and my friend. Death is always solemn and impressive, in whatever way it comes, wherever its awful summons is uttered, and on whatever brow its cold hand may be placed. But it is doubly overwhelming when it assails a man in the vigor and prime of life, with his work half finished, in the midst of his usefulness, full of hope, and with unsatisfied ambition, as it came in an unexpected moment to our brother who is gone. It is hardly necessary here to dwell on his great qualities and his virtues, for he was widely known throughout all

this community—a clear-headed lawyer, a good-hearted man, a public-spirited citizen, a kind friend, and one of the most affectionate men in the domestic circle. Perhaps it has never happened that any death has cast so deep a gloom over our little community on Mount Auburn as did his; but our sorrow is shared with all the community in which he lived, and with all those who knew him. It was his habit to be constantly looking for some obscure young man, with undeveloped resources, whom he could take to his heart, and help along with a kindly word, or with other generous assistance, in the journey of life. As he prospered himself, he widened the circle of his liberality and usefulness. He was an ornament to our profession, a great help in the ministration of our public affairs. His loss will be deplored by all; but if we shall gather from the study of his career a lesson which will lead us to emulate his life and virtues, he will not have lived in vain, nor will his death be without its consolations. With his immediate family we have a sympathy which our tears and words are too cold to express. May God help them and comfort them, and in ways past our finding out compensate them for what seems to-day an irreparable loss.

Judge Matthews said it would perhaps be in the better taste on his part not to speak on this occasion, and to permit this proceeding to close with what had already been said, and so well said, and with the resolutions which had been offered, expressing so clearly, so

distinctly, and so fully the view which undoubtedly is shared by all who knew Col. FISHER in the various aspects of his life, presented from time to time. But he could not feel satisfied were he to omit adding a word as to the respect he entertained for Mr. FISHER as a lawyer, a citizen, and a man, while he lived, and for his memory, now that he is gone. He always felt pride in the fact that Col. FISHER was a member of this bar; that he and other lawyers practicing here could say that a man who had achieved the reputation Mr. FISHER had at the time of his death could find a fitting field for the exercise of his talents in our courts. His reputation, extending over the whole country, shed some of its reflected luster on the members of this bar, and elevated it to that extent in the eyes of the whole community. That which made Col. FISHER what he was appeared to be simply this—and it was the lesson he would draw from his life—that he always did his best. If not in every particular instance, yet his aim was always to do his best, and make of himself by nature, education, industry, and application what he could; and if any man does that, and does it sedulously and systematically, for a sufficient length of time, it makes but little difference what nature has done for him. He will make up any little deficiency in that way; for, great as the difference is in intellect and genius, yet there is a law of compensation by which industry and the conscientious use of the talent, if it be but a single one, conveyed to us, will surmount the difficulty. Col. FISHER, while he lived, was a possession of this bar and the community,

for the influence of his character was not confined to the influence of his professional life. He was not only a man of broad culture, but of broad sympathies, so that there was no interest of the public that did not engage his own. He felt the cause of the public to be his private cause, and made himself felt effectively wherever he thought he could do good. He [Judge Matthews] wished he could recall the language of Sir William Jones in describing that which constitutes a state. In substance, it was that it was the men who make the state. And Mr. FISHER was one of those who, by the combination of his faculties, and the use he made of them, characterized the community in which he dwelt. It was for these reasons he regarded the death of their brother as a public calamity, a loss not to be measured by the ordinary rules of compensation, and which had no equivalent in dollars and cents. It was the loss of an intellectual and moral treasure. The warning and instruction brought to them—to the younger members of the profession in particular—by the memory of his life and character, might be thus stated: That if they would live up, conscientiously and honestly, to the measure of those conceptions of duty and those aims of life which arise on a serious view of the responsibility in which they were placed, and which the common conscience of mankind recognized, they could not live without receiving credit and approbation, and could not die without being felt as a loss.

Judge Oliver made a few appropriate remarks, in which he referred to the intrepid conduct of Col. FISHER

during the dark hours that rested over the country at large during the rebellion, and when our own city was threatened with invasion. The resolutions presented by your committee have the merit—rather a rare one on such occasions—of expressing, in temperate language, nothing more than the truth. In one respect, he questioned the correctness of the view that seemed to be taken by some who had already spoken. It was quite true that the earthly course of Col. FISHER was ended when he had only reached the prime of life. In the full vigor of manhood—a manhood gifted with a vigor of mind and body seldom equaled—and in the full tide of professional success, he was suddenly stopped by the cold hand of death. Life's work ended by what men call an accident. As we contemplate the death of such a man, under such circumstances, it is natural that a spirit of mourning and heaviness should possess us; that we should be bowed beneath a common sorrow, and mingle our tears with the tears of his bereaved family.

But, Mr. Chairman and brethren, can we be quite certain that the sudden extinguishment of such a light, while as yet the oil of life was scarcely half spent, is an unmixed calamity? Human reason, uninstructed by revelation, must answer yes. But instructed by this heavenly light, we can not fail to see that this seemingly dark cloud has a beautiful lining. Our deceased brother was a sincere Christian, and a zealous worker in the Master's vineyard. Judged by the fruits of his life, he so lived as that, without presumption, he might, in the



language of St. Paul, say: "For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain." It was his expressed wish that he should not be called away in the decrepitude of age, but in the full possession of all his faculties, and with his armor on. And thus he was taken to brighter scenes beyond the river.

The memory of such a man is a rich legacy to his children, and will be a joy forever to the wife he leaves behind.

May the memory of him stimulate us so to live, as that we may be as well prepared to die.

James Moore, Esq., said:

So much has been said, and appropriately said, in reference to the various characteristics of our departed brother, that I might, and under other circumstances should, deem it an intrusion to offer my poor remarks. But, Mr. Chairman, I am, on this occasion, impelled, by a sense of duty, not to the deceased, it is true, for his work is done, but to those of us, and I hope there are many of us, who strive to profit by his great example.

It is known to you all that I was professionally associated with Mr. FISHER for some years before he had acquired the great national reputation which was rightfully his for the last few years, and, hence, had opportunities to know the character of his professional life, to examine the mental and moral qualities in detail, the combination of which in him produced such an evenly rounded character, and the exercise of which

enabled him to accomplish so much, and to do so well whatever he attempted.

This great opportunity of knowing the man is my excuse for adding to what has been said.

We all know how great his reputation was, and many of us know how well he deserved it. But, when we contemplate a man of forty-two years, standing at the head of his specialty in our profession, having attained, thus prematurely, almost everything for which youth hopes, for which most honorable men freely offer a life's labor, and which only the very few in a generation ever can possess, that ever interesting enigma—though old as human ambition—is presented to us: What qualities did he possess that enabled him to accomplish so much? Was it because of qualities born with him, or was his great success due to unremitting labor? The question which men, with a wise selfishness, more immediately put to themselves is: Could I, by a proper and legitimate use of the talents which God has given me, have attained so much? Many times, Mr. Chairman, as well when I was associated with our departed brother, as during more recent years, have I been interrogated by lawyers and laymen, men who knew of Mr. FISHER's great power and wonderful success, as to his various characteristics and habits. Nor did I then deem these curious inquirers merely; but knew that they were all battling with this great practical enigma of the qualities or constituents of successful life.

Mr. FISHER had the first essential of a successful

life—a sound mind in a sound body. These enabled him to give all his endeavors *from* himself. He had a happy, I had almost said a celestial home, whose guardian angel shielded him from all anxiety in reference to it. He had, then, all the strength of his body and mind, as his net capital to invest in his profession. He had an ambition that results never appeared to satiate, or even allay. Indeed, the only satisfaction I have ever known him to feel, in his professional life, was in endeavor. His pleasure, the only one he ever seemed to know, arose from contest with obstacles which he had determined to surmount. That such a man should have been capable of unremitting industry is something which you would, of course, expect. This, in itself, however, is not so uncommon as to excite any wonder. There are many men who work a great deal, yet do not accomplish very much. Mr. FISHER had, however, in addition to his great capacity for, and love of, work, a characteristic that made that work count. I refer to his memory. His recollection of everything, even the most abstruse thoughts and discussions, in the very words in which he heard or read them, was astonishing. So retentive and responsive was his memory that he could cite any reported case, at all applicable to his specialty; and, not only cite the cases, but could tell exactly what was, and what was not, decided; what the involved patents were, and exactly how the questions of infringement, novelty, etc., arose in each of them. From the possession of these qualities, it followed that it never was incumbent upon him to ex-

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amine the law for any trial or hearing of a cause. When he became familiar with the facts his memory furnished him with the law, and when once familiar with the facts he was always familiar with them. In reference to the comprehensiveness of his mind, and the rapidity of his thought, I deem it sufficient here to say that his great reputation does not at all exaggerate his ability in these respects.

But the inquiries addressed to me were often pointed at his qualifications or gifts, which made him so successful as a *patent* lawyer. It was thought by many, those who knew the peculiar difficulties that meet the general practitioner in Mr. FISHER's specialty, that he must have received a specially technical education in mechanics, or, at least, have served an apprenticeship as a machinist, in order to understand complex machinery so thoroughly, and explain it so clearly to the courts. Neither of these suppositions were, however, correct. He did not receive any peculiar training for his specialty. Immediately after he commenced the practice of his profession, a member of the bar, from whom he had rented office-room, drew his attention to some patents that had been put into his hands for the purpose of bringing suit upon them. This gentleman stated to Mr. FISHER that he had thoroughly examined the patents in question, but could not find anything in them. In addition, Mr. FISHER discovered that the owners of these patents—the Parker water-wheel patents—had traveled throughout the western part of this country, so far, in the vain endeavor to find an attorney who could understand their invention.

Thus stimulated, Mr. FISHER went to work upon them, and in a very short time not only clearly understood them, but had, with the aid of a tinsmith, made an operative model, beautifully illustrating the principles of the invention, to the great delight of the now no longer dejected patentees. From that day forth, Mr. FISHER was a patent lawyer, not because of special training, or of choice, but because he, like every man who has attained eminence in our profession, had determined to do whatever was offered, and to do it well. He did the first case offered so well that a demand arose and continued to exist for his services in that field, which compelled him to be a patent lawyer.

I have, Mr. Chairman, said a little about the intellect and successful life of our departed brother, but have said nothing about either his moral nature or the satisfactoriness of his life. The omission was intentional. In this, the city of his residence, and among his neighbors and brethren, nothing could be said that is not now familiar to all. You all know that he possessed an active and unwavering religious faith—a faith that was seen in his every act, was ever present to his mind, and with which his whole life was consistent. You all know, too, that, notwithstanding his exceedingly active mind, he was a man of strong convictions, which at appropriate times were fearlessly expressed. Upon important subjects he held no *opinions*, and consequently no doubts. He was, primarily, a man of action, and, where any subject had a right and a wrong side, he immediately embraced what he considered the right, never

regarding consequences. His great charities and benevolences, with which you are all familiar, were results of his convictions, more than momentary impulses of heart. In conversation with me once upon the subject of his giving money to the needy, he said, in substance: "God has always given me more than my needs require. I believe I obey His will in disposing of it as I do, and I believe that if I did not dispose of a share of it in this way, God would not give it to me!" Mr. Chairman, I *knew then*, and I know now, that Mr. FISHER only made a simple and truthful statement of his motives in that respect. We have good reason for believing that such a life must have been satisfactory, or as nearly so as human life is capable of. But, brethren, while we drop a tear over what appears to us a dreadful calamity, and express our heartfelt sympathy for his terribly bereaved widow and remaining children, we must recollect that it is our duty, as it ought to be our pleasure, to so far imitate the life we are contemplating that, when we have passed away, it can be truthfully said of each of us that we have so lived as to have honored our profession, as our verdict now is with reference to the life of our departed brother.

Brief addresses were also delivered by Gen. Durbin Ward and Mr. Wood, after which the resolutions were adopted; and, on motion of Judge Matthews, the chairman was requested to present copies of them to the District Court of Hamilton County and the Superior Court of Cincinnati, to be entered on their minutes.



S. M. C. V.

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